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K 54.

John Williams.

TAYLOR INSTITUTION

BEQUEATHED

TO THE UNIVERSITY

Robert Burns.

Engraved for Cameron & Co's Edition of Burns Poems 1800.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

WITH HIS

LIFE AND CHARACTER.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JOHN TURNBULL, HIGH-STREET;

FOR CAMERON AND CO. BOOKSELLERS, TRONGATE, GLASGOW.

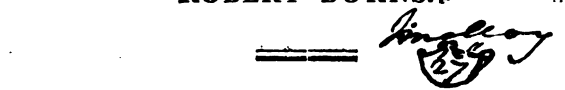
1804.

[redacted]

LIFE

OF

ROBERT BURNS.



WILLIAM BURNS, the father of our poet, was the ſon of farmer in Kincardineſhire The narrow circumſtances of his family had compelled him to leave his paternal roof at an early age, and after ſerving in a variety of ſituations he ſettled as a gardener in the ſhire of Ayr From a phyſician in Ayr he obtained a perpetual leaſe of ſeven acres of ground, and in the year 1757, married Agnes Brown, the mother of our poet. In a ſmall houſe which he had built on the ground, his eldeſt ſon Robert was born on the 25th of January, 1759.

Burns, and his brother Gilbert, received their education from a Mr John Murdoch, whoſe care and attention to his pupils, Burns acknowledged with gratitude, at an after period of his life. Beſides reading and writing, Burns received (from this gentleman) a ſlight knowledge of the French language, which he afterwards improved, and his father inſtructed him in the common rules of arithmetic.

Burns's love of reading, which he carried to excefs, [redacted] father indulged to the utmoſt of his power: fortunately for the young poet, his neighbours poſſeſſed a few good books, which he read and talked of with enthuſiaſm remarkable prophetic of his future character.

For the firſt ſeven years of Burns' life, his father followed the trade of a gardener; but at the end of this period, with the view of bettering his condition, he diſpoſed of his leaſe, and took a ſmall farm. The death of his landlord put an end to the comfort which William Burns had begun to feel in his new ſituation, and the management of the eſtate was delivered to a "factor," whoſe portrait Burns has drawn in the following lines.

"I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, ſcant o' caſh,
How they maun thole a *factor's* ſnaſh:
He'll ſtamp an' threaten, curſe an' ſwear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun ſtan', wi' aſpect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!"

A diſpute with this perſon obliged William Burns to leave his farm, and remove to another which he had taken, called Lochlea.

Robert wrought as a farmer along with his father till his twenty-third year, when he removed to Irvine, and became a flax-dreſſer. This buſineſs he carried on for about ſix months, but as he and his friends were drinking a welcome to the new year, the ſhop took fire, and was burnt to aſhes, and the poor poet, left without a ſixpence, returned home to his father at Lochlea. A diſpute having ariſen reſpecting the conditions of his father's leaſe which had not been committed to writing, the ſubjects in queſtion were ſubmitted to arbitration, and the deciſion involved the affairs of William Burns in ruin. He lived to know of this deciſion, but not to ſee any execution in conſequence of it: he died on the 13th of February, 1784.

A ſhort time before the death of their father, Burns and his brother with the united ſavings of the whole family, took the farm of Moſsgiel. After reſiding on it nearly four years. they were forced to give it up. having, in conſequence of unfavourable ſeaſons, loſt great part of their original ſtock. While Burns reſided at Moſsgiel, he became acquainted with Jean Armour, (afterwards Mrs Burns) and about the time when he had determined to give up the farm, the *condition of his Jean could no longer be concealed.*

To add to his misfortunes, her parents refuſed their conſent to his marriage, and in the greateſt diſtreſs of mind, he reſolved to leave his country.

He had been offered the ſituation of an overſeer in Jamaica, and to defray the expences of his voyage, he publiſhed by ſubſcription a volume of poems With the firſt fruits of his poetical labours. he had paid his paſſage, and purchaſed a few articles of clothing, &c. His cheſt (which he was ſoon to follow,) was already on the way to Greenock, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, ſignifying his approbation of the poems, and an aſſurance that Burns would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh, for a ſecond edition, completely changed his intentions.

Soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, his poems procured him the admiration of all conditions; perſons of rank and power were not above noticing "*The Ayrſhire Ploughman,*" and, in a ſhort time, the name of Burns was celebrated over all the kingdom.

In Edinburgh, Burns beheld mankind in a new light: ſur*rounded on all ſides by* admirers, his days were paſſed in the *company of the great*, his evenings in diſſipation. This hi

of life he had led nearly a year, when his friends ſuggeſted to him the neceſſity of ſeeking a permanent eſtabliſhment. With L.500, the profits of his poems, he retired from Edinburgh to the farm of Elliſland in Nithſdale, near Dumfries. He was now in a ſtate of comparative affluence, and the parents of "*his Jean*," no longer objecting to his poverty, he legitimated his infant ſon by a lawful marriage.

To his brother Gilbert, who had undertaken the ſupport of his aged mother, he advanced the ſum of L.200. The remainder of his money he laid out in ſtocking his farm At a diſtance from the ſcenes of his former diſſipation, removed from all ſociety. ſave that of his own family. and in poſſeſſion of the deareſt object ot his wiſhes, he promiſed himſelf many long and happy days His old habits were, however, too ſtrong to be overcome, and the gentlemen farmers of Nithſdale were already his boon companions.

In a few years he became tired of farming; and Mr Graham of Fintry, having procured for him a place in the exciſe, with a ſalary of L.50 a-year. he ſold his ſtock and farming utenſils, and removed to Dumfries.

The duties of his new office ſeldom required much of his time, and he reſumed inſenſibly his former habits. His health, which had been gradually declining, ſuffered a ſevere ſhock in the winter of 1795-6, and after ſtruggling for ſeveral months with diſeaſe, want, and the dread of a jail, which at times affected his mind, he expired on the 21ſt of July, [redacted]6.

The gentlemen volunteers of Dumfries, had determined to *bury their aſſociate with* military honours. The funeral took *place on the 26th of July*, when the remains of Burns were

interred in the ſouthern church-yard, and three vollies marked the return of the poet to his parent earth!

The character of Burns has been already drawn by himſelf. *The Bard's Epitaph* is the genuine picture of his own mind, and we cannot do better than ſubjoin it.

Is there a whim-inſpired fool,
Owre faſt for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to ſeek, owre proud to ſnool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this graſſy heap ſing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of ruſtic ſong,
Who, noteleſs, ſteals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, paſs not by!
But, with a frater-feeling ſtrong,
Here heave a ſigh.

Is there a man, whoſe judgment clear,
Can others teach the courſe to ſteer,
Yet runs himſelf, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pauſe – and, through the ſtarting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wiſe to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *ſofter flame*;
But thoughtleſs follies laid him low,
And ſtain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy ſoul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low purſuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, *ſelf-controul*
Is Wiſdom's root.

Burns died in great poverty, leaving a wife and four infant children *. The furniture of his houſe, his library (which was but ſmall), and L.200 which he had lent to his brother, were all that the children of Burns inherited from their father. The profits of an elegant edition of his works, added to a ſubſcription collected for their benefit, have, however, ſet them at leaſt above the reach of want. The eldeſt boy, a youth of the moſt amiable diſpoſitions, gives promiſe of inheriting his father's genius.

---

* His poſthumous ſon, Maxwell, born on the morning of his father's funeral, lived but a ſhort time, and is now a tenant of the ſame grave with his illuſtrious parent.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whoſe higheſt ambition is to ſing in his Country's ſervice, where ſhall he ſo properly look for patronage as to the illuſtrious Names of his native Land; thoſe who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Anceſtors?—The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Eliſha —at the *plough;* and threw her inſpiring mantle over me. She bade me ſing the loves, the joys, the rural ſcenes and rural pleaſures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artleſs notes, as ſhe inſpired.—She whiſpered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodneſs, I do not approach you my Lords and Gentlemen, in the uſual ſtyle of dedication, to thank you for paſt favours; that path is ſo hackneyed by proſtituted Learning, that honeſt Ruſticity is aſhamed of it.—*Nor do I preſent this* Addreſs with the venal ſoul *of a ſervile Author,* looking for a continuation of

thoſe favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottiſh name with you, my illuſtrious Countrymen and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes ſtill runs uncontaminated and that from your courage, knowledge, and public ſpirit, ſhe may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the laſt place, I come to proffer my warmeſt wiſhes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Univerſe, for your welfare and happineſs.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amuſement of your Forefathers, may Pleaſure ever be of your party; and may ſocial-joy await your return! When haraſſed in courts or camps with the juſtlings of bad men and bad meaſures, may the honeſt conſciouſneſs of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domeſtic Happineſs, with a ſmiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption ſhrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler and licentiouſneſs in the People equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be, with the ſincereſt gratitude and higheſt reſpect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your moſt devoted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh,
April 4, 1787.

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POEMS,

CHIEFLY

SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name of *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The firſt I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæſar*,
Was keepit for his Honor's pleaſure;
His hair, his ſize, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit ſome place far abroad,
Whare ſailors gang to fiſh for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw braſs collar
Shewed him the gentleman and ſcholar
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he,
But wad hae *ſpent an hour* careſſin
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipſey's meſſin:

At kirk or market, mill or ſmiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er ſae duddie,
But he wad ſtan't, as glad to ſee him,
An' ſtroan't on ſtanes an' hillocks wi' him.
The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After ſome dog in Highland ſang *,
Was made lang ſyne, Lord knows how lang.
He was a gaſh an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a ſheugh or dyke.
His honeſt, ſonſie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breaſt was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' gloſſy black;
His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a ſwirl.
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi ſocial noſe whyles ſnuff'd an' ſnowkit;
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles ſcour'd awa in lang excurſion,
An' worry'd ither in diverſion;
Till tir'd at laſt wi' mony a farce,
They ſat them down upon their a—,
An' there began a lang digreſſion
About the *lords o' the creation.*

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honeſt *Luath*,
What ſort of life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I ſaw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

* *Cuchullin's Dog* in Offian's Fingal.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, an' a' his ſtent;
He riſes when he likes himſel:
His ſlunkies anſwer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horſe;
He draws a bonie ſilken purſe
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the fleeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roaſting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry firſt are ſtechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' ſauce, ragouts, an' ſic like traſhtrie,
That's little ſhort o' downright waſtrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee, blaſtit wonner,
Poor, worthleſs elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honor has in a' the lan':
A[illegible] what poor cot-folk pit thĕir painch in,
I [illegible]n it's paſt my comprehenſion.

LUATH.

Trowth, *Cæſar*, whyles their faſh't eneugh;
A cotter howkin in a ſheugh,
Wi' dirty ſtanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and ſic like,
Himſel, a wife, he thus ſuſtains,
A ſmytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet with ſair diſaſters,
Like loſs o' health, or want o' maſters,
Ye maiſt wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' *they maun ſtarve* o' cauld and hunger:

But how it comes, I never kend yet,
They're maiſtly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in ſic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to ſee how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' difreſpeckit!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' ſic cattle;
They gang as ſaucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a ſtinking brock.

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, ſcant o' caſh,
How they maun thole a factor's ſnaſh;
He'll ſtamp an' threaten, curſe an' ſwear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun ſtan', wi' aſpect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I ſee how folk live that hae riches;
But ſurely poor folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're no ſae wretched's ane wad think;
Tho' conſtantly on poortith's brink,
They're ſae accuſtom'd wi' the ſight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are ſae guided,
They're ay in leſs or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' cloſe employment,
A blink o' reſt's a ſweet enjoyment.

The deareſt comfort o' their lives,
Their gruſhie weans and faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are juſt their pride,
That ſweetens a' their fire-ſide.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aſide their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage an' prieſts,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breaſts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial ranting Kirns,
When *rural life*, of ev'ry ſtation,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit ſlaps, an' ſocial Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on froſty wins;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' ſheds a heart-inſpiring ſteam;
The luntin pipe, an' ſneeſhin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouſe,
The young anes ranting thro' the houſe—
My heart has been ſae fain to ſee them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae ſaid,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd;
There's monie a creditable ſtock
O' decent, honeſt, fawſont folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some raſcal's prideſu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himſel the faſter
In favour wi' ſome gentle Maſter,
Wha *ablins thrang a parliamentin,*
For Britain's guid his ſaul indentin——

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say, rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
An' saying *aye* or *no*'s they bid him.
At Operas an' Plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, maſquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To *Hague* or *Calais* taks a waft,
To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' ſee the worl.'
There, at *Vienna* or *Verſailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by *Madrid* he taks the rout,
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian Viſta ſtartles,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then bouſes drumlie German water,
To mak himſel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the conſequential ſorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival Signioras.
For Britain's guid! for her deſtruction!
Wi' diſſipation, ſtud, an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech man! dear ſirs! is that the gate
They waſte ſae mony a braw eſtate!
Are we ſae foughten and haraſs'd
For gear to gang that gate at laſt!
O would they ſtay aback frae courts,
An' pleaſe themſels wi' countra ſports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient hact o' them's ill-hearted fellows;

Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or ſpeakin lightly o' their Limmer,
Or ſhootin o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.
But will ye tell me, maſter *Cæſar*,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleaſure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can ſteer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em
It's true, they need na ſtarve or ſweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Simmer's heat;
They've nae fair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes;
But human bodies are ſic fools,
For a' their colleges and ſchools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themſels to vex them;
An' ay the leſs they hae to ſturt them,
In like proportion, leſs will hurt them.
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel;
Her dizzen's done, ſhe's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warſt,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curſt.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneaſy;
Their days inſipid, dull, an' taſteleſs,
Their nights unquiet, lang, and reſtleſs.
An' ev'n their ſports, their balls, an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,

There's ſic parade, ſic pomp, an' art,
The joy can ſcarcely reach the heart.
The Men caſt out in party-matches,
Then ſowther a' in deep debauches.
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Nieſt day their life is paſt enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in cluſters,
As great an' gracious a' as ſiſters;
But hear their abſent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They ſip the ſcandal potion pretty;
Or lee lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's ſtackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.
There's ſome exceptions, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.
By this, the ſun was out o' ſight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night:
The *bum-clock* hummed wi' lazy drone,
The kye ſtood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat an' ſhook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs*;
An' each took aff his ſeveral way,
Reſolv'd to meet ſome ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him ſtrong drink until he wink,
That's ſinking in deſpair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's preſt wi' grief an' care:

There let him bouſe an' deep carouſe,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his *loves* or *debts*,
An' minds his griefs no more.
Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raiſe a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' ſtories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I ſing the juice *Scotch bear* can mak us,
In glaſs or jug.

O thou, my *Muſe!* guid auld *Scotch Drink!*
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious ſaem,
Inſpire me, till I liſp an' wink,
To ſing thy name!

Let huſky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits ſet up their awnie horn,
An' Peaſe an' Beans, at een or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
On ſouple ſcones, the wale o' food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy ſtrong heart's blood,
There thou ſhines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin;
But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, ſcrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou ſtrings the nerves o' Labour fair,
At's weary toil;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Deſpair,
Wi' gloomy ſmile.

Aft, clad in maſſy, filler weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
The poor man's wine;
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the ſaunts,
By thee inſpir'd,
When gaping they beſiege the *tents*,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O ſweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year mornin
In cog or bicker,
An' juſt a wee drap ſp'ritual burnin,
An' guſty ſucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to ſee thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup!
Then *Burnewin* comes on like Death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or ſteel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel
Brings hard owrehip, wi' ſturdy wheel,
The ſtrong forehammer,
Till block an' ſtuddie ring an' reel
Wi' dinſome clamour.

When ſkirlin weanies ſee the light,
Thou maks the goſſips clatter bright,
How fumbling Cuifs their Dearies ſlight,
Wae worth the name!
Nae Howdie gets a ſocial night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebours anger at a plea,
An' juſt as wud as wud can be,
How eaſy can the *barley-brie*
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapeſt Lawyer's fee
To taſte the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muſe has reaſon,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treaſon!
But monie daily weet their weaſon
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, *in a winter-ſeaſon*,
E'er ſpeir her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning traſh!
Fell ſource o' monie a pain an' braſh!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken haſh
O' half his days;
An' ſends, beſides, auld *Scotland*'s caſh
To her warſt faes.

Ye Scots, wha wiſh auld Scotland well,
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor, plackleſs devils like myſell,
It ſets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,
Wha twiſts his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' four diſdain,
Out owre a glaſs o' *Whiſky punch*
Wi' honeſt men!

O *Whiſky!* ſoul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneleſs cranks
Are my poor Verſes!
Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a——!

Thee *Ferintoſh!* O ſadly loſt!
Scotland lament frae coaſt to coaſt!
Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoaſt,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boaſt
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curſt horſe-leeches o' th' Exciſe,
Wha mak the *whiſky ſtells* their priſe!
Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, ſeize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunſtane pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me ſtill
Hale breeks, a ſcone, an' *whiſky gill*,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the reſt,
An' deal't about as thy blind ſkill
Directs thee beſt.

THE AUTHOR'S

EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER *

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND HONOURABLE, THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Deareſt of Diſtillation! laſt and beſt!——
——How art thou loſt!——
Parody on Milton.

YE Iriſh Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha *repreſent* our brughs an' ſhires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a ſimple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly ſent.

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Diſtilleries, of ſeſſion 1786; for which Scotland and the Author *owes their moſt grateful thanks.*

Alas! my roupet Muſe is hearſe!
Your Honors hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To ſee her ſittin on her a—
Low i' the duſt,
An' ſcriechin out proſaic verſe,
An' like to burſt!

Tell them whae hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' *me*'s in great affliction,
E'er ſin' they laid that curſt reſtriction
On *Aquavitae ;*
An' rouſe them up to ſtrong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*
The honeſt, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His ſervants humble:
The muckle devil blaw ye ſouth,
If ye diſſemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
Speak out an' never faſh your thumb!
Let poſts an' penſions ſink or ſoom
Wi' them wha grant 'em:
If honeſtly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na ſlack;
Now ſtand as tightly by your tack:
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw,
But raiſe your arm an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thrifsle;
Her mutchkin-ſtoup as toom's a whiſsle;
An' d-mn'd Exciſeman in a buſsle,
Seizin a *Stell*,
Triumphant cruſhin't like a muſſel
Or lampit ſhell.

Then on the tither hand preſent her,
A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Of a' kin coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feels his heart's bluid riſing hot,
To ſee his poor auld Mither's *pot*,
Thus dung in ſtaves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmoſt groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas? I'm but a nameleſs wight,
Trode i' the mire clean out o' ſight!
But could I like *Montgomeries* fight,
Or gab like *Boſwell*,
There's ſome ſark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie ſome hoſe well.

God bleſs your Honors, can ye ſee't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat,
Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pauſe,
An' with rhetoric clauſe on clauſe
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' St Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempſter, a true-blue Scot I'ſe warran;
Thee, aith-deteſting, chaſte *Kilkerran*;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham*,
An' ane, a chap that's d—n'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erſkine, a ſpunkie Norland billie;
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay*;
An' *Liviſtone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
An' monie ithers,
Whom auld *Demoſthenes* or *Tully*
Might own for brithers.

Arouſe, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle!*
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll ſee't or lang,
She'll teach you wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither ſang.

This while ſhe's been in crankous mood,
Her *loſt Militia* fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliſkie!)
An' now ſhe's like to rin red-wud
About her Whiſky.

' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
ıtan petticoat ſhe'll kilt,
ırk an' piſtol at her belt,
She'll tak the ſtreets,
n her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' firſt ſhe meets!

G—d ſake, Sirs! then ſpeak her fair,
raik her cannie wi' the hair,
the muckle houſe repair
Wi' inſtant ſpeed,
ive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead.

ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
unt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
: him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cowe the cadie!
id him to his dicing-box
An' ſportin lady.

yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*,
iis debt twa maſhlum bonnocks,
nk his health in auld *Nanſe Tinnock's* *
Nine times a-week,
me ſcheme, like tea an' winnock's,
Wad kindly ſeek.

l he ſome *commutation* broach,
ge my aith in guid braid Scotch,

---

thy old Hoſteſs of the Author's in Mauchline, where *es ſtudied* Politics over a glaſs of guid auld *t.*

He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's juſt a devil wi' a rung;
An' if ſhe promiſe auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck ſhe ſhould be ſtrung,
She'll no deſert.

An' now, ye choſen *Five-and-Forty*,
May ſtill your Mither's heart ſupport ye;
Then, tho' a Miniſter grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll ſnap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bleſs your Honors, a' your days,
Wi' ſowps o' kail an' brats o' claiſe,
In ſpite o' a' the thieviſh kaes
That haunt St. *Jamie*'s!
Your humble Bardie ſings an' prays
While *Rab* his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-ſtarv'd ſlaves in warmer ſkies,
See future wines, rich-cluſt'ring, riſe;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies;
But, blyth and friſky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their Whiſky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms!
When wretches range, in fumiſh'd ſwarms,
The ſcented groves,
Or hounded forth, diſhonor arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their ſhouther;
They downa bide the ſtink o' powther;
Their bauldeſt thought's a hank'ring ſwither
To ſtan' or rin,
Till ſkelp—a ſhot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To ſave their ſkin.

But bring a *Scotchman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, ſuch is royal *George*'s will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings teaſe him;
Death comes, wi' fearleſs eye he ſees him;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His lateſt draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their ſolemn een may ſteek,
An' raiſe a philoſophic reek,
An' phyſically cauſes ſeek,
In clime an' ſeaſon,
But tell me Whiſky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reaſon.

Scotland, my auld, reſpected Mither!
Tho' whyles ye moiſtify your leather,
Till whare ye ſit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom and *Whiſky* gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram!

THE HOLY FAIR.*

A robe of ſeeming truth and truſt
Hid crafty obſervation;
And ſecret hung, with poiſon'd cruſt,
The dirk of Defamation:
A maſk that like the gorget ſhow'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon,
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in *Religion*.
Hypocriſy a-la-mode.

I.

UPON a ſimmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' ſnuff the caller air.
The riſing ſun, owre *Galſton* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' ſweet that day.

* *Holy Fair* is a common phraſe in the Weſt of Scotland, for a ſacramental occaſion.

II.

As lightſomely I glowr'd abroad,
To ſee a ſcene ſae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam ſkelpin up the way.
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the faſhion ſhining
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The twa appear'd like ſiſters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes;
Their viſage wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' four as ony ſlaes:
The *third* cam up, hap-ſtep-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did ſtoop,
As ſoon as e'er ſhe ſaw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet laſs,
'I think ye ſeem to ken me;
'I'm ſure I've ſeen that bonie face,
'But yet I canna name ye.'
Quo' ſhe, an' laughin as ſhe ſpak,
An' taks me by the hauns,
'Ye, for my ſake, hae gi'en the feck
'Of a' the ten commauns
'A ſcreed ſome day.

V.

'My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
'The neareſt friend ye hae;
'An' this is *Superſtition* here,
'An' that's *Hypocriſy*.
'I'm gaun to ******** *Holy Fair*,
'To ſpend an hour in daffin:
'Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
'We will get famous laughin
'At them this day.'

VI.

Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't;
'I'll get my Sunday's ſark on,
'An' meet you on the holy ſpot;
'Faith, we'ſe hae fine remarkin!'
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' ſoon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae ſide to ſide,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gaſh, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
There, ſwankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are ſpringin owre the gutters.
The laſſes, ſkelpin barefit, thrang,
In ſilks an' ſcarlets glitter;
Wi' *ſweet-milk cheeſe*, in monie a whang,
An' *furls*, bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we ſet our noſe,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to ſee the ſhow,
On ev'ry ſide they're gath'rin;
Some carryin dails, ſome chairs an' ſtools,
An ſome are buſy bleth'rin
Right loud that day.

IX.

Here ſtands a ſhed to fend the ſhow'rs,
An' ſcreen our countra Gentry,
There *racer Jeſs*, an' twa-three wh—res,
Are blinkin at the entry.
Here ſits a raw o' tittling jads,
Wi' heaving breaſt an' bare neck;
An' there, a batch o' wabſter lads,
Blackguarding frae K*****ck,
For *fun* this day.

X.

Here, ſome are thinkin on their ſins,
An' ſome upo' their claes;
Ane curſes feet that fyl'd his ſhins,
Anither ſighs an' prays:
On this hand ſits a Choſen ſwatch,
Wi' ſcrew'd-up, grace-proud faces;
On that, a ſet o' Chaps, at watch,
Thrang winkin on the laſſes
To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, an' bleſt!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Wha's ain dear lafs, that he likes beſt,
Comes clinkin down beſide him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He ſweetly does compoſe him;
Which, by degrees, ſlips round her neck,
An's loof upon her boſom
Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is ſilent expectation;
For ****** ſpeels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t--n.
Should *Hornie* as in ancient days,
'Mang ſons o' G— preſent him,
The vera ſight o' ******'s face,
To's ain het hame had ſent him
Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's ſtampin, an' he's jumpin!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up ſnout,
His eldritch ſqueel and geſtures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plaſters,
On ſic a day!

XIV.

k! the *tent* his chang'd its voice;
e's peace an' reſt nae langer;
he *real judges* riſe,
canna ſit for anger.
opens out his cauld harangues,
ractice and on morals;
he godly pour in thrangs,
e the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV.

gnifies his barren ſhine,
oral pow'rs an' reaſon?
liſh ſtyle, an' geſture fine,
' clean out o' ſeaſon.
rates or *Antonine*,
ne auld Pagan Heathen,
al man he does define,
e'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

XVI.

lime comes an antidote
ſt ſic poiſon'd noſtrum;
****, frae the water-fit,
ls the holy roſtrum;
ne's got the word o' G—,
eek an' mim has view'd it,
mmon-Senſe has ta'en the road,
i, an' up the *Cowgate* *
Faſt, faſt that day.

* *ſo called*, which faces the *tent* in ——

XVII.

Wee ****** nieft the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But faith! the birkie wants a Manfe,
So, cannilie he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit an' fenfe
Like hafflins-wife o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-houfe fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
An' there the pint-ftowp clatters:
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
They raife a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gi'es us mair
Than either School or College:
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
Be't whifky gill or penny wheep,
Or ony ftronger potion,
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion,
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' laffes, blythely bent
To mind baith ſaul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' ſteer about the toddy.
On this ane's dreſs, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin obſervations;
While ſome are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin aſſignations
To meet ſome day.

XXI.

But now the L--'s ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echoes back return the ſhouts;
Black ****** is na ſparin:
His piercin words, like Highlan ſwords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera 'Sauls does harrow *'
Wi' fright that day!

XXII.

A vaſt, unbottom'd, boundleſs Pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin brunſtane,
Wha's ragin flame, an' ſcorchin heat,
Wad melt the hardeſt whun-ſtane!
The half aſleep ſtart up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin,
When preſently it does appear,
'Twas but ſome neebor ſnorin
Aſleep that day.

* *Shakeſpeare's Hamlet.*

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How monie ſtories paſt,
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' diſmiſt:
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the ſurms and benches;
An' cheeſe an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gaſh Guidwife,
An' ſits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
The laſſes they are ſhyer.
The auld Guidmen, about the *grace*,
Frae ſide to ſide they bother,
Till ſome ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gi'es them't, like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waeſucks! for him that gets nae laſs,
Or laſſes that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to ſay a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O Wives! be mindfu' ance yourſel,
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel
Let laſſes be affronted
On ſic a day!

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some ſwagger hame, the beſt they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At ſlaps the billies halt a blink,
Till laſſes ſtrip their ſhoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
O' Sinners and o' Laſſes!
Their hearts o' ſtane gin night are gane,
As ſaft as ony fleſh is.
There's ſome are fou o' love divine;
There's ſome are fou o' brandy;
An' mony jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie
Some ither day.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And ſome great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n Miniſter's they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is juſt as true's the Deil's in h-ll,
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes ourſell
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was nae fou, but juſt had plenty;
I ſtacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, ſtanes, and buſhes kenn'd ay
Frae ghaiſts an' witches.

The riſin Moon began to glowr
The diſtant *Cumnock* hills out-owre;
To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
I ſet myſel;
But whether ſhe had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,
Setting my ſtaff wi' a' my ſkill,
To keep me ſicker;
Tho' leeward whyles, againſt my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,
That pat me in an eerie ſwither;
An' awfu' ſcythe, out-owre ae ſhoulder,
Clear-danglin, hang;
A three-tae'd leiſter on the ither
Lay, large and lang.

Its ſtature ſeem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queereſt ſhape that e'er I ſaw,
For ſient a wame it had ava,
And then its ſhanks,
They were as thin, as ſharp and ſma',
As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
'When ither folk are buſy ſawin *?'
It ſeem'd to mak a kind o' ſtan',
But naething ſpak;
At length, ſays I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
'Will ye go back?'

It ſpak right howe,—'My name is *Death*,
'But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
'Ye're maybe come to ſtap my breath;
'But tent me, billie;
'I red ye weel, tak care o' ſcaith,
'See, there's a gully!

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
'I'm no deſign'd to try its mettle;
'But if I did, I wad be kittle
'To be miſlear'd,
'I wad na' mind it, no that ſpittle
'Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' ſays I, 'a bargain be't;
'Come, gies your hand, an' ſae we're gree't;

* This *rencounter* happened in ſeed-time 1785.

'We'll eaſe our ſhanks an' tak a ſeat,
'Come, gies your news!
'This while * ye hae been mony a gate,
'At mony a houſe.'

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' ſhook his head,
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
'Sin' I began to nick the thread,
'An' choke the breath:
'Folk maun do ſomething for their bread,
'An' ſae maun *Death*.

'Sax thouſand years are near hand fled
'Sin' I was to the butching bred,
'And mony a ſcheme in vain's been laid,
'To ſtap or ſcar me;
'Till ane Hornbook's † ta'en up the trade,
'And faith, he'll waur me.

'Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
'Deil mak his king's-hood in a ſpleuchan!
'He's grown ſae weel acquaint wi' *Buchan* ‡,
'And ither chaps,
'The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
'And pouk my hips.

'See, here's a ſcythe, and there's a dart,
'They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;

---

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

† This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is, profeſſionally, a b
ther of the ſovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by int
tion and inſpiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surge
and Phyſician.

‡ *Buchan's Domeſtic* Medicine.

t Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art
'And curſed ſkill,
made them baith no worth a f—t,
'D—n'd haet they'll kill!

as but yeſtreen, nae farther gaen,
ew a noble throw at ane;
leſs, I'm ſure, I've hundreds ſlain;
'But deil-ma-care!
t play'd dirl on the bane,
'But did nae mair.

hoot was by, wi' ready art,
had ſae fortify'd the part,
when I looked to my dart,
'It was ſae blunt,
haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
'Of a kail-runt.

w my ſcythe in ſic a fury,
hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
et the bauld *Apothecary*
'Withſtood the ſhock;
ht as weel hae try'd a quarry
'O' hard whin-rock.

hem he canna get attended,
' their face he ne'er had kend it,
— in a kail-blade and ſend it,
'As ſoon's he ſmells 't,
their diſeaſe, and what will mend it,
'At once he tells 't.

'And then a' doctor's ſaws an' whittles,
'Of a' dimenſions, ſhapes, an' mettles,
'A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
'He's ſure to hae;
'Their Latin names as faſt he rattles
'As A B C.

'Calces o' foſſils, earths, and trees;
'True Sal-marinum o' the ſeas;
'The Farina of beans and peaſe,
'He has't in plenty;
'Aqua-fontis, what you pleaſe,
'He can content ye.

'Forbye ſome new, uncommon weapons,
'Urinus Spiritus of capons;
'Or Mite-horn ſhavings, filings, ſcrapings,
'Diſtill'd *per ſe*;
'Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
'And mony mae.

'Waes me for *Johnny Ged's-Hole* * now,'
Quoth I, 'If that thae news be true!
'His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
'Sae white an' bonie,
'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
'They'll ruin *Johnie!*'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And ſays, 'Ye needna yoke the pleugh,

* The grave digger.

'Kirk-yards will ſoon be till'd eneugh,
'Tak ye nae fear:
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a ſheugh,
'In twa-three years.

'Whare I killed ane, a fair ſtrae-death,
'By loſs o' blood, or want o' breath,
'This night I'm free to tak my aith,
'That *Hornbook's* ſkill
'Has clad a ſcore i' their laſt claith,
'By drap and pill.

'An honeſt Wabſter to his trade,
'Whaſe wife's twa nieves were ſcarce weel-bred,
'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
'When it was ſair;
'The wife ſlade cannie to her bed,
'But ne'er ſpak mair.

'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
'Or ſome curmurring in his guts,
'His only ſon for *Hornbook* ſets,
'And pays him well,
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
'Was Laird himſel.

'A bonie laſs, ye kend her name,
'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
'She truſts herſel, to hide the ſhame,
'In *Hornbook's* care;
'*Horn* ſent her aff to her lang hame,
'To hide it there.

'That's juſt a ſwatch o' *Hornbook's* way,
'Thus goes he on from day to day,
'Thus does he poiſon, kill, an' ſlay,
'An's weel pay'd for't:
'Yet ſtop's me o' my lawfu' prey,
'Wi' his d—n'd dirt!

'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
'Tho' dinna ye be ſpeakin o't;
'I'll nail the ſelf-conceited Sot,
'As dead's a herrin:
'Neiſt time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
'He gets his fairin!'

But juſt as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer ſtrak the bell
Some wee ſhort hour ayont the *twal*,
Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd myſel,
And ſae did *Death*.

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

*Inſcribed to J. B*********, Eſq. Ayr.*

THE ſimple Bard, rough at the ruſtic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thruſh,
Hailing the ſetting ſun, ſweet, in the green thorn buſh.

The ſoaring lark, the perching red-breaſt ſhrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whiſtling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurſt in the peaſant's lowly ſhed,
To hardy Independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardſhip ſteel'd,
And train'd to arms in ſtern Miſfortune's field,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The ſervile, mercenary Swiſs of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric cloſe,
With all the venal ſoul of dedicating Proſe?
No! tho' his artleſs ſtrains he rudely ſings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the ſtrings,
He glows with all the ſpirit of the Bard,
Fame, honeſt fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if ſome Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the ſecret to beſtow with grace;
When B********** befriends his humble name,
And hands the ruſtic ſtranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful boſom ſwells,
The godlike bliſs, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the ſtacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape ſecure the toil-won crap;
Potatoe-bings are ſnugged up frae ſkaith
Of coming Winter's biting, froſty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their ſimmer toils,
Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs' delicious ſpoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in maſſive, waxen piles,
Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, ſmoor'd wi' brimſtone reek:
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry ſide,
The wounded coveys, reeling, flatter wide

The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanting in the rays.
'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by *Simson's* * wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* † had number'd two,
And *Wallace Tow'r* † had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln Firth, with fullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting o'er the glittering stream.——
When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;

---

* *A noted* tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

† *The two* steeples.

Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the *Gos* * drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers*:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them).
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams* got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
Wi' virls an' whirligigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
Wi' thievelefs sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guideen——

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep shank,
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

* *The gos-hawk, or falcon.*

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but ſhow your little menſe,
Juſt muckr about it wi' your ſcanty ſenſe;
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a ſtreet,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formleſs bulk o' ſtane and lime,
Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time?
There's men of taſte wou'd tak the *Ducatſtream*, *
Tho' they ſhould caſt the vera ſark and ſwim,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of ſic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've ſtood the flood an' tide;
And ſtho' wi' crazy eild I'm ſair forfairn,
I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a ſhapeleſs cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where ſprings the brawling *Coil*,
Or ſtately *Lugar*'s moſſy fountains boil,
Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland courſe,
Or haunted *Garpal* † draws his feeble ſource,
Arous'd by bluſtering winds an' ſpotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the ſnaw-broo rowes,
While craſhing ice, borne on the roaring ſpeat,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brings, a' to the gate;
And from *Glenbuck* ‡, down to the *Rottonkey* ‖,
Auld *Ayr* is juſt one lengthen'd tumbling ſea:

* A noted ford, juſt above the Auld Brig.

† The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places *the Weſt of Scotland* where thoſe fancy-ſcaring beings, kno *by the name of Clairſh*, ſtill continue pertinaciouſly to habi

‡ *The ſource of the river of* Ayr.

‖ *A ſmall landing*-place above the large key.

Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rife!
And dafh the gumlie jaups up to the pouring fkies.
A leffon fadly teaching, to your coft,
That Architecture's noble art is loft!

NEW BRIG.

Fine *architecture*, trowth, I needs muft fay't o't!
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghaftly, ghaift-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices;
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-infpiring coves,
Supporting roofs, fantaftic, ftony groves:
Windows and doors in nameleſs ſculptures dreſt,
With order, fymmetry, or taſte unbleſt;
Forms like ſome bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of miſguided whim;
Forms might be worſhipp'd on the bended knee,
And ſtill the *ſecond dread command* be free,
Their likeneſs is not found on earth, in air, or ſea.
Manſions that would diſgrace the building-taſte,
Of any maſon reptile, bird, or beaſt;
Fit only for a doited Monkiſh race,
Or frofty maids forſworn the dear embrace,
Or Cuifs of later times wha held the notion,
That fullen gloom was ſterling true devotion:
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And ſoon may they expire, unbleſt with reſurrection

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to ſhare my wounded feelin
Ye worthy *Provoſts*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
Wha *in the paths o' righteouſneſs* did toil ay

Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
To whom our moderns are but cauſey-cleaners;
Ye godly *Councils*, wha hae bleſt this town;
Ye godly *Brethren* o' the ſacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your *hurdies* to the *ſmiters*;
And (what would now be ſtrange) ye *godly Writers*:
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye ſay or do!
How would your ſpirits groan in deep vexation,
To ſee each melancholy alteration;
And, agoniſing, curſe the time and place
When ye begat the baſe, degen'rate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid ſtory:
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-houſe;
But ſtaumrel, corky-headed, graceleſs Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by barbers,
Wha waſte your weel-hain'd gear on d—d *New Brigs*
and *Harbours!*

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've ſaid enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
As for your Prieſthood, I ſhall ſay but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a right kittle:
But, under favor o' your langer beard,
Abuſe o' Magiſtrates might weel be ſpar'd;
To liken them to your auld-wauld ſquad,
I muſt needs ſay, compariſons are odd.
In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
To mouth '*A Citizen*,' a term o' ſcandal:
Nae mair the *Council* waddles down the ſtreet,
In all the *pomp of ignorant conceit*;

Men wha grew wife priggin owre hops an' raiſins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seiſins.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had ſhor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-ſenſe for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity ſtept kindly in to aid them.

What farther cliſhmaclaver might been ſaid,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to ſhed,
No man can tell; but, all before their ſight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering ſtream they featly danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dreſſes glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glaſs ſo neat,
The infant ice ſcarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Minſtrelſy among them rung,
And ſoul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties ſung.
O had *M'Lauchlan* *, thairm-inſpiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear *Strathſpeys* they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they ſtruck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchleſs hand with finer touch inſpir'd!
No gueſs could tell what inſtrument appear'd,
But all the ſoul of Muſic's ſelf was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While ſimple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
The Genius of the ſtream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;

---

* *A well-known performer of Scottiſh muſic on the violin.*

His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn:
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide:
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair*:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of Death,
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little awe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the Mob they hid the little giv'n.

I.

K********* Wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations;

Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane, an' a,
An' there tak up your ſtations;
Then aff to *B-gh—'s* in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II.

Curſt Common-ſenſe, that imp o' h—ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder *;
But O******* aft made her yell,
An' R***** ſair miſca'd her;
This day M'******* taks the ſtail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a *ſhangan* on her tail,
An' ſet the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

III.

Mak haſte an' turn King David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verſe come gie us four,
An' ſkirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a ſtoure,
Aae nair the knaves ſhall wrang her,
For Herefy is in her pow'r,
And glorioufly ſhe'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

---

* Alluding to a ſcoffing ballad which was made on the admiſſion of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L**** to the *Laigh Kirk*.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceleſs *Ham* * leugh at his Dad,
Which made *Canaan* a niger;
Or *Phineas* † drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re abhorring rigour;
Or *Zipporah* ‡ the ſcaulding jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle o' the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
He takes but for the faſhion;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And puniſh each tranſgreſſion;
Eſpecial, *rams* that croſs the breed,
Gie them ſufficient threſhin,
Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld K*********, cock thy tail,
An' toſs thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Becauſe thy paſture's ſcanty;
For lapfu's large o' *goſpel-kail*
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' *runts o' grace* the pick an' wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

* *Geneſis, ch. ix.* ver. 22. † Numbers, ch. xxv.
‡ *Exodus*, ch. iv. ver. 25.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's ſtreams* we'll weep,
To think upon our *Zion;*
And hing our fiddles up to ſleep,
Like baby clouts a-dryin;
Come, ſcrew the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin;
Oh, rare! to ſee our elbucks wheep,
And a' like lamb-tails flyin
Fu' faſt this day!

VIII.

Lang, *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
Has ſhor'd the Kirk's undoin,
As lately *F-rw-ck*, ſair forfairn,
Has provin to its ruin:
Our Patron, honeſt man! *Gl********,*
He ſaw miſchief was brewin;
And like a godly, elect bairn,
He's wal'd us out a true ane,
And found this day.

IX.

Now R***** harangue nae mair,
But ſteek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town of A**,
For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver;
Or to the *N-th-rt-n* repair,
And turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

X.

M***** and you were juſt a match,
We never had ſic twa drones;
Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
Juſt like a winkin baudrons:
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry him in his caudrons;
But now his Honor maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimſtone ſquadrons,
Faſt, faſt this day.

XI.

See, ſee auld orthodoxy's faes
She's ſwingein thro' the city!
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat ſhe plays!
I vow it's unco pretty:
There, Learning, with his Greekiſh face,
Grunts out ſome Latin ditty;
And Common Senſe is gaun, ſhe ſays,
To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himſel,
Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions
See, how ſhe peels the ſkin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions!
Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,
And baniſh'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come bouſe about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter;
M'********, R******, are the boys
That Hereſy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyſe,
An' cowe her meaſure ſhorter
By th' head ſome day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a concluſion,
To ev'ry *New-light* * mother's ſon,
From this time forth, Confuſion:
If mair they deave us wi' their din,
Or Patronage intruſion,
We'll light a ſpunk, and, ev'ry ſkin,
We'll rin them aff in fuſion
Like oil, ſome day.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR ------

On his Text, Malachi ch. iv. ver. 2.

'And they ſhall go forth, and grow up, like CALVES of the ſtall.'

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' Heretics may laugh;
For inſtance, there's yourſel juſt now,
God knows, an unco *Calf!*

* *New-light* is a cant-phraſe, in the Weſt of Scotland, for thoſe religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended ſo ſtrenuouſly.

And ſhould ſome Patron be ſo kind,
As bleſs you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're ſtill as great a *Stirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour,
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heav'nly Power,
You e'er ſhould be a *Stot!*

Tho', when ſome kind connubial Dear
Your butt-an'-ben adorns,
The like has been, that you may wear
A noble head of *horns*.

And, in your lug, moſt reverend J——,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' ſenſe will doubt your claims
To rank amang the *Nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a graſſy hillock,
Wi' juſtice they may mark your head—
'Here lies a famous *Bullock!*'

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led the embattl'd Seraphim to war—
Milton.

O THOU! whatever title ſuit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,

Wha in yon cavern grim an' ſootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunſtane cootie,
To ſcaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm ſure ſma' pleaſure it can gie,
Ev'n to a *deil*,
To ſkelp an' ſcaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us ſqueel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame,
Far kend and noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor ſcaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles, on the ſtrong-wing'd Tempeſt flyin,
Tirlin the kirks;
Whyles, in the human boſom pryin,
Unſeen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* ſay,
In lanely glens ye like to ſtray;
Or where auld, ruin'd caſtles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* ſummon,
To ſay her pray'rs, douce, honeſt woman!
Aft yont the dyke ſhe's heard you bumming,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, ruſtlin, thro' the boortries comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The ſtars ſhot down wi' ſklentin light,
Wi' you, myſel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a raſh-buſs, ſtood in ſight,
Wi' wavin ſugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did ſhake,
Each briſtl'd hair ſtood like a ſtake,
When wi' an eldritch, ſtoor quaick, quaick,
Amang the ſprings,
Awa ye ſquatter'd like a drake,
On whiſtling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They ſkim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked ſpeed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For, O! the yellow treaſure's taen
By witching ſkill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence, myſtic knots mak great abuſe,
On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouſe;
When the beſt wark-loom i' the houſe,
By cantrip wit,
Is inſtant made no worth a looſe,
Juſt at the bit.

When thowes diſſolve the ſnawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then, *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their deſtruction.

An' aft your moſs-traverſing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curſt, miſchievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in ſome miry ſlough he ſunk is,
Ne'er mair to riſe.

When *Maſons* myſtic *word* an' *grip*,
In ſtorms an' tempeſts raiſe you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun ſtop,
Or, ſtrange to tell!
The youngeſt Brother ye wad whip
Aff ſtraught to h-ll.

Lang ſyne, in *Eden's* bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers firſt were pair'd,
An' all the Soul of Love they ſhar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry ſwaird,
In ſhady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, ſnick-drawin dog!
Ye cam to Paradiſe incog,
An' play'd on man a curſed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a ſhog,
'Maiſt ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, and reeſtit gizz,
Ye did preſent your ſmoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' ſklented on the *man of Uzz*,
Your ſpiteſu' joke

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' houſe and hall,
While ſcabs an' blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
Was warſt ava?

But a' your doings to rehearſe,
Your wily ſnares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day *Michael* * did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erſe,
In proſe or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,

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* Vide MILTON, Book VI.

Some luckleſs hour will ſend him linkin,
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *ſtake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your ſake!

THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

OF

POOR MAILIE.

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An Unco Mournfu' Tale.

As *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot ſhe cooft a hitch,
An' owre ſhe warſl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, ſhe did lie,
When *Hughoc* * he cam doytin by.
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted hands,
Poor *Hughoc* like a ſtatue ſtands;
He ſaw her days were near hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!

---

* A neibor herd-callan.

He gaped wide, but naething ſpak,
At length poor *Mailie* ſilence brak.
'O thou, whaſe lamentable face
'Appears to mourn my woefu' caſe!
'My *dying words* attentive hear,
'An' bear them to my Maſter dear.
'Tell him, if e'er again he keep
'As muckle gear as buy a ſheep,
'O, bid him never tie them mair
'Wi' wicked ſtrings o' hemp or hair!
'But ca' them out to park or hill,
'An' let them wander at their will:
'So may his flock increaſe, an' grow
'To ſcores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'!
'Tell him, he was a Maſter kin',
'An' ay was guid to me an' mine;
'An' now my dying charge I gie him,
'My helpleſs lambs, I truſt them wi' him.
'O, bid him ſave their harmleſs lives,
'Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
'But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
'Till they be fit to fend themſel;
'An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
'Wi' teats o' hay an' ripps o' corn.
'An' may they never learn the gaets
'Of ither vile, wanreſtfu' *pets!*
'To ſlink thro' ſlaps, an' reave an' ſteal,
'At ſtacks o' peaſe, or ſtocks o' kail.
'So may they, like their great Forbears,
'For monie a year come thro' the ſheers:
'So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
'And bairns greet for them when they're dead.
'*My poor tooth-lamb*, my ſon an' heir,
'*O, bid him breed him up wi' care!*

'An' if he live to be a beaſt,
'To pit ſome havins in his breaſt!
'An' warn him, what I winna name,
'To ſtay content wi' yowes at hame;
'An' no to rin and wear his cloots,
'Like ither menſeleſs, graceleſs brutes.
'An' nieſt my *yowie*, ſilly thing,
'Gude keep thee frae a tether ſtring!
'O, may thou ne'er forgather up
'Wi' ony blaſtit, moorland toop;
'But ay keep mind to moop an' mell
'Wi ſheep o' credit like thyſel!
'And now, my bairns, wi' my laſt breath,
'I lea'e my bleſſin wi' you baith:
'An' when you think upo' your Mither,
'Mind to be kind to ane anither.
'Now, honeſt *Hughoc*, dinna fail
'To tell my Maſter a' my tale;
'An' bid him burn this curſed tether,
'An' for my pains thou'ſe get my blather.'
This ſaid, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in proſe,
Wi ſaut tears trickling down your noſe;
Our Bardie's fate is at a cloſe,
Paſt a' remead!
The laſt ſad cape-ſtane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

Its no the loſs o' warl's gear,
That could ſae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's loſt a friend and neebor dear,
In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun ſhe trotted by him;
A lang half-mile ſhe could deſcry him,
Wi' kindly bleat, when ſhe did ſpy him,
She ran wi' ſpeed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat ſhe was a ſheep o' ſenſe,
An' could behave herſel wi' menſe:
I'll ſay't, ſhe never brak a fence,
Thro' thieviſh greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe,
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ſhips,
Fne yont the *Tweed*:
A bonier fleeſh ne'er croſs'd the clips
Than *Mailie's* dead.

Wae worth the man wha firſt did ſhape,
That vile, wanchancie thing—*a rape!*
It makes guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape
For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie *Doon!*
An' wha on *Ayr* your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robbin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
His *Mailie's* dead!

To J. S****.

Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul!
Sweet'ner of life and ſolder of Society!
I owe thee much———

Blair.

DEAR S****, the ſlieſt, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted ſtealth or rief,
Ye ſurely hae ſome warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a boſom yet was prief
Againſt your arts.

For me, I ſwear by ſun an' moon,
And ev'ry ſtar that blinks aboon,

Ye've coſt me twenty pair o' ſhoon
Juſt gaun to ſee you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for ſcrimpet ſtature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her *firſt* plan,
An' in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

Juſt now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up ſublime
Wi' haſty ſummons:
Hae ye a leiſure-moment's time
To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to laſh;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' caſh;
Some rhyme to court the countra claſh,
An' raiſe a din;
For me, an *aim* I never faſh;
I rhyme for fun.

The ſtar that rules my luckleſs lot,
Has fated me the ruffet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has bleſt me wi' a random ſhot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a ſkient,
To try my fate in guid, black *prent*;
But ſtill the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, 'Hoolie!
'I red you, honeſt man, tak tent!
'Ye'll ſhaw your folly.

'There's ither Poets, much your betters,
'Far ſeen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,
'Hae thought they had enſur'd their debtors,
'A' future ages;
'Now moths deform in ſhapeleſs tatters
'Their unknown pages.'

Then farewel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where buſy ploughs
Are whiſtling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My ruſtic ſang.

I'll wander on wi' tentleſs heed,
How never-halting moments ſpeed,
Till fate ſhall ſnap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' Death begin a tale?
Juſt now we're living, ſound an' hale;
Then top and maintop croud the ſail,
Heave *Care* o'er-ſide!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, fae far's I unnerſtand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where Pleaſure is the Magic Wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by ſu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an'-forty's ſpeel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyleſs Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hoſtin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant careleſs roamin;
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
An' ſocial noiſe;
An' fareweel dear, deludin *woman*,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleaſant in thy mornin,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adornin!
Cold-pauſing Caution's leſſon ſcornin,
We friſk away,
Like ſchool-boys, at th' expected warnin,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the roſe upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry ſpot,
For which they never toil'd nor ſwat;
They drink the ſweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain,
And, haply, eye the barren lut
With high diſdain.

With ſteady aim, ſome Fortune chaſe;
Keen hope does ev'ry ſinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And ſeize the prey:
Then canie, in ſome cozie place,
They cloſe the *day*.

And others, like your humble ſervan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads obſervin;
To right or left, eternal ſwervin,
They zig-zag on';
Till curſt with age, obſcure an' ſtarvin,
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' ſtraining—
But truce with peeviſh, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
E'en let her gang?
Beneath what light ſhe has remaining,
Let's ſing our ſang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs! and warm implore,
'Tho' I ſhould wander *Terra* o'er,
'In all her climes,
'Grant me but this, I aſk no more,
'Ay rowth o' rhymes.

'Gie dreeping roaſts to countra Lairds,
'Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
'And maids of Honor;
'And yill an' whiſky gie to Cairds,
'Until they ſconner.

'A title, *Dempſter* merits it;
'A garter gie to *Willie Pitt*;
'Gie Wealth to ſome be-ledger'd Cit,
'In cent. per cent.;
'But give me real, Sterling Wit,
'And I'm content.

'While Ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
'I'll ſit down o'er my ſcanty meal,
'Be't *water-brcſe*, or *muſlin-kail*,
'Wi' chearfu' face,
'As lang's the Muſes dinna fail
'To ſay the grace.'

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my noſe;
I jouk beneath Miſfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Proſe,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideleſs-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you---O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are juſt a ſtanding pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hair-brain'd, ſentimental traces,
In your unletter'd, nameleſs faces!
In *arioſo* trills and graces
Ye never ſtray,
But *graviſſimo*, ſolemn baſſes
Ye hum away.

Ye are ſae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wiſe*;
Nae ferly tho' ye do deſpiſe
The hairum-ſcairum, ram-ſtam boys,
The rattling ſquad:
I ſee ye upward caſt your eyes—
—Ye ken the road—

Whilſt I—but I ſhall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll ſcarce gang *ony where*—
Then, *Jamie*, I ſhall ſay nae mair,
But quat my ſang,
Content with *You* to mak a pair
Whare'er I gang.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reaſon;
But ſurely *Dreams* were ne'er indicted Treaſon.

[On reading, in the public Papers, the *Laureate's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the Author was no ſooner dropt aſleep, than he imagined himſelf tranſported to the Birth-day Levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following *Addreſs*.]

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majeſty!*
May Heaven augment your bliſſes,
On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye ſee,
A humble Bardie wiſhes!

My Bardſhip here, at your Levee,
On ſic a day as this is,
Is ſure an' uncouth ſight to ſee,
Amang thae Birth-day dreſſes
Sae fine this day.

II.

I ſee ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord an' lady;
'God ſave the King!' 's a cuckoo ſang
That's unco eaſy ſaid ay!
The *Poets*, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring ſteady,
On ſic a day.

III.

For me! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter;
For neither Penſion, Poſt, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
Your Kingſhip to beſpatter;
There's monie waur been o' the Race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my ſovereign King,
My ſkill may weel be doubted,
But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be diſputed:

Your Royal Neſt, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the ſtring,
An' leſs, will gang about it,
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aſpire
To blame your Legiſlation,
Or ſay, ye wiſdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation;
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
Ye've truſted Miniſtration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their ſtation
Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
Her broken ſhins to plaiſter,
Your fair taxation does her fleece,
Till ſhe has ſcarce a teſter:
For me, thank God! my life's a *leaſe*,
Nae *bargain* wearing faſter,
Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geeſe,
I ſhortly booſt to paſture
I' the craft ſome day.

VII.

I'm no miſtruſting *Willie Pitt*,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' *Will*'s a true guid fallow's get,
A *name not Envy ſpairges*),

That he intends to pay your debt,
An' leſſen a' your charges:
But, G-d-ſake! let nae *ſaving-fit*
Abridge your bonny Barges
An' Boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege!* may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for diſſection!
But ſin' I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your *Queen*, with due reſpect,
My fealty an' ſubjection
This great Birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majeſty moſt Excellent!*
While Nobles ſtrive to pleaſe Ye,
Will Ye accept a Compliment
A ſimple Bardie gies Ye!
Thae bonny Bairntime Heav'n has lent,
Still higher mae they hecze Ye
In bliſs, till Fate ſome day is ſent
For ever to releaſe Ye
Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young *Potentate o' W——*,
I tell your *Highneſs* fairly,
Down Pleaſure's ſtream, wi' ſwelling ſails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;

But ſome day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curſe your folly ſairly,
That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowt's* been known
To mak a noble *Aiver*;
Sae ye may doucely fill a Throne,
For a' their cliſh-ma-claver:
There *Him** at *Agincourt* wha ſhone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet wi' funny, queer *Sir John*†
He was an unco ſhaver
For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend *O*———*g*,
Nane ſets the *lawn-ſleeve* ſweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dreſs completer;
As ye diſown yon paughty dog
That bears the Keys o' Peter,
Then, ſwith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, troth! ye'll ſtain the Mitre
Some luckleſs day.

---

* King Henry.

† Sir John Falſtaff. *See* Shakeſpeare.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her;
A glorious *Galley* *, ſtem and ſtern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter;
But firſt hang out, that ſhe'll diſcern,
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An' large upo' her quarter
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, laſſly, bonny bloſſoms a',
Ye royal Laſſes dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:
But ſneer na *Britiſh boys* awa',
For Kings are unco ſcant ay;
An' German Gentles are but *ſma'*,
They're better juſt than *want ay*
On onie day.

XV.

God bleſs you a'! conſider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But 'ere the *courſe* o' life be through,
It may be bitter ſautet:
An' I hae ſeen their *coggie* fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the *day* was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.

* *Alluding to* the News-paper account of a cer *Royal Sailor's amour.*

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST *.

THE ſun had clos'd the winter-day,
The Curlers quat their roarin play,
An' hunger'd Mauken ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithleſs ſnaws ilk ſtep betray
Whare ſhe has been.

The Threſher's weary *flingin-tree*
The lee-lang day had tired me;
An' when the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the Weſt,
Ben i' the *Spence* right penſivelie,
I gaed to reſt.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I ſat and ey'd the ſpewin reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoaſt-provokin ſmeek,
The auld clay biggin;
And heard the reſtleſs rattons ſqueak
About the riggin.

All in this motty, miſty clime,
I backward mus'd on waſted time,
How I had ſpent my youthful prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But ſtringin blethers up in rhyme
For fools to ſing.

---

* *Duan*, a term of Oſſian's for the different diviſions of a digreſſive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2. of M'Pherſon's Tranſlation.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a Bank, and clarkit
My cash account:
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, muttering, blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my wankit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be *rhymeproof*
Till my last breath—

When click! the string the latch did draw,
And jee! the door gaed to the wa;
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*
Were twisted, graceful round her brows:
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
By that same token;
And come to stop these reckless vows,
Would soon been broke.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace"
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonny *Jean*
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well-known* Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds:
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And *many a lesser torrent* scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a ſandy valley ſpread,
An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottiſh ſtory read,
She boaſts a Race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And poliſh'd grace.

But ſtately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold ſtems of Heroes, here and there
I could diſcern;
Some ſeem'd to muſe, ſome ſeem'd to dare,
With feature ſtern.

My heart did glowing tranſport feel,
To ſee a Race heroic wheel,
And brandiſh round the deep-dy'd ſteel
In ſturdy blows:
While back-recoiling ſeem'd to reel
Their Suthren foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR †, mark him well!
Bold *Richardton*'s ‡ heroic ſwell;
The Chief on *Sark* ‖ who glorious fell,
In high command;
And *He* whom ruthleſs Fates expell
His native land.

---

* The Wallaces. † William Wallace
‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, couſin to the ir
Preſerver of Scottiſh Independence.

‖ Wallace Laird of Craigie, who was ſecond in co
under Douglas Earl of Ormond. at the famous battle
banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious vict
principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrep
of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wo
he action.

There, where a ſceptr'd *Pictiſh* * ſhade
Stalk'd round his aſhes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
In colours ſtrong;
Bold, ſoldier-feutur'd, undiſmay'd,
They ſtrode along.

† Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for Friendſhip or for Love.
In muſing mood)
An *aged Judge*, I ſaw him rove,
Diſpenſing good.

‡ With deep-ſtruck, reverential awe,
The learned *Sire* and *Son* I ſaw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law,
They gave their love,
This, all its ſource and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward ‖ I well could ſpy,
Beneath old *Scotia*'s ſmiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low ſtanding by,
To hand him on,
Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero ſhone.

---

* Coilus King of the Picts, from whom the diſtrict of Kyle is ſaid to take its name, lies buried, as tradition ſays, near the family ſeat of the Montgomeries of Coils-field, where his burial-place is ſtill ſhown.

† Barſkimming, the ſeat of the Lord Juſtice Clerk.

‡ *Catrine, the ſeat of the late Doctor, and preſent Profeſſor Stewart.*

‖ *Colonel Fullarton.*

DUAN SECOND.

With muſing-deep, aſtoniſh'd ſtare,
I view'd the heavenly-ſeeming *Fair*;
A whiſp'ring throb did witneſs bear
Of kindred ſweet,
When with an elder Siſter's air
She did me greet.

'All hail! my own inſpired Bard!
'In me thy native Muſe regard!
'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
'Thus poorly low!
'I come to give thee ſuch reward
'As we beſtow.

'Know, the great *Genius* of this Land
'Has many a light, aerial band,
'Who, all beneath his high command,
'Harmoniouſly,
'As Arts or Arms they underſtand,
'Their labours ply.

'They *Scotia*'s Race among them ſhare;
'Some fire the Soldier on to dare;
'Some rouſe the Patriot up to bare
'Corruption's heart:
'Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
'The tuneful art.

'*Mong* ſwelling floods of reeking gore,
'*They ardent*, kindling ſpirits pour;

'Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
'They, ſightleſs, ſtand,
'To mend the honeſt Patriot-lore,
'And grace the hand.

'And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
'Charm or inſtruct the future age,
'They bind the wild Poetic rage
'In energy,
'Or point the inconcluſive page
'Full on the eye.

'Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young:
'Hence, *Dempſter*'s zeal-inſpired tongue!
'Hence, ſweet harmonious *Beattie* ſung
'His "Minſtrel lays;"
'Or tore, with noble ardour ſtung,
'The *Sceptic*'s bays.

'To lower orders are aſſign'd
'The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
'The ruſtic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
'The Artiſan;
'All chuſe, as various they're inclin'd,
'The various man.

'When yellow waves the heavy grain,
'The threat'ning ſtorm ſome, ſtrongly, rein;
'Some teach to meliorate the plain
'With tillage-ſkill;
'And ſome inſtruct the Shepherd-train,
'Blythe o'er the hill.

'Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;
'Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;
'Some soothe the Labrer's weary toil,
'For humble gains,
'And make his cottage-scenes beguile
'His cares and pains.

'Some, bounded to a district-space,
'Explore at large Man's infant race,
'To mark the embryotic trace
'Of *rustic Bard*;
'And careful note each op'ning grace,
'A guide and guard.

'*Of these am I—Coila* my name;
'And this district as mine I claim,
'Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
'Held ruling pow'r:
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
'Thy natal hour.

'With future hope, I oft would gaze,
'Fond, on thy little early ways,
'Thy rudely-carell'd, chiming phrase,
'In uncouth rhymes,
'Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
'Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
'Delighted with the dashing roar;
'Or when the North his fleecy store
'Drove thro' the sky,
'I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
'Struck thy young eye.

'Or when the deep green-mantl'd Earth
'Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
'And joy and music pouring forth
'In ev'ry grove,
'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
'With boundless love.

'When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
'Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,
'I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
'And lonely stalk,
'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
'In pensive walk.

'When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong,
'Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
'Th' adored *Name*,
'I taught thee how to pour in song,
'To soothe thy flame.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
'Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
'Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
'By Passion driven;
'But yet the *light* that led astray
'Was *light* from Heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
'The loves, the ways of simple swains,
'Till now, o'er all my wide domains
'Thy fame extends;
'And *some, the pride* of *Coila*'s plains,
'Become thy friends.

'Thou canſt not learn, nor I can ſhow,
'To paint with *Thomſon's* landſcape glow:
'Or wake the boſom-melting throe,
'With *Shenſtone's* art;
'Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
'Warm on the heart.

Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd Roſe,
'The lowly Daiſy ſweetly blows;
'Tho' large the foreſt's Monarch throws
'His army ſhade,
'Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
'Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine;
'Strive in thy humble ſphere to ſhine;
'And truſt me, not *Potoſi's* mine,
'Nor King's regard,
'Can give a bliſs o'ermatching thine,
'A *ruſtic Bard.*

'To give my counſels all in one,
'Thy tuneful flame ſtill careful fan:
'Preſerve *the dignity of Man*,
'With Soul erect!
'And truſt, the *Univerſal Plan*
'Will all protect.

'*And wear thou this*'—ſhe ſolemn ſaid,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The poliſh'd leaves, and berries red,
Did ruſtling play;
And, like a paſſing thought, ſhe fled
In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

OR

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My ſon, theſe Maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither;
The *Rigid Righteous* is a fool,
The *Rigid Wiſe* anither:
The cleaneſt corn that e'er was dight
May hae ſome piles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature ſlight
For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON.—*Eccleſ.* vii. 16.

I.

O ye wha are ſae guid yourſel,
Sae pious and ſae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebour's faults and folly!
Whaſe life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' ſtore o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing ſtill,
And ſtill the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counſel for poor mortals,
That frequent paſs douce Wiſdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtleſs, careleſs ſakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donſie tricks, their black miſtakes,
Their failings and miſchances.

III.

Ye ſee your ſtate wi' their's compar'd,
And ſhudder at the niffer,
But caſt a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ;
Diſcount what ſcant occaſion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your caſtigated pulſe
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings muſt his veins convulſe,
That ſtill eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye ſcud your ſea-way;
But, in the teeth o' baith to ſail,
It maks an unco leeway.

V.

See Social Life and Glee ſit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite tranſmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O wad they ſtay to calculate
Th' eternal conſequences;
Or your more dreaded h-ll to ſtate,
Damnation of expences!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
Suppoſe a change o' caſes;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience ſnug,
A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whiſper i' your lug,
Ye're ablins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently ſcan your brother Man,
Still gentler ſiſter woman;
Tho' they may gang a-kennin wrang,
To ſtep aſide is human:
One point muſt ſtill be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it;
And juſt as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Wha made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each ſpring its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjuſt it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *reſiſted.*

TAM SAMSON'S * ELEGY.

An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God—
Pope.

HAS auld K********* ſeen the Deil?
Or great M'******* † thrawn his heel?
Or R******* ‡ again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
'*Tam Samſon's* dead!

K********* lang may grunt an' grain,
An' ſigh, an' ſab, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To Death ſhe's dearly pay'd the kane,
Tam Samſon's dead!

The Brethren o' the myſtic *level*
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their noſe the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
Tam Samſon's dead!

---

* When this worthy old Sportſman went out laſt muir-fowl ſeaſon, he ſuppoſed it was to be, in Oſſian's phraſe, 'the laſt of his fields;' and expreſſed an ardent wiſh to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author compoſed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. *Vide* the ORDINATION, p. 45.

‡ *Another Preacher*, an equal favourite with the Few, *who was at that time ailing.* For him ſee alſo the ORDINATION, ſtanza [illegible].

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like to a rock;
When to the loughs the Curlers flock.
Wi' gleefome ſpeed,
Wha will they ſtation at the *cock?*
Tam Samſon's dead!

He was the king o' a' the Core,
To guard, to draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar,
In time o' need;
But now he lags on Death's *hog-ſcore*,
Tam Samſon's dead!

Now ſafe the ſtately Sawmont ſail,
And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimſon hail,
And Eels weel kend for ſouple tail,
And Geds for greed,
Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail
Tam Samſon dead!

Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a';
Ye cootie Moorcocks, crouſely craw;
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withoutten dread;
Your mortal Foe is now awa',
Tam Samſon's dead!

That woeſu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in ſhootin graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
But *Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!*
Tam Samſon's dead!

In vain Auld-age his body batters!
In vain the Gout his ancles fetters;
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre-braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
'Tam Samſon's dead!'

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
An' ay the tither ſhot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behint him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samſon's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-ſwagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did ſtagger;
Tam Samſon's dead!

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk Sportſman-youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray ſtane, amang the hether,
Marks out his head,
Whare *Burns* has wrote in rhymin blether,
Tam Samſon's dead!

When Auguſt winds the hether wave,
And Sportſmen wander by yon grave,
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave
O' pouther and lead,
Till Echo anſwer frae her cave,
Tam Samſon's dead!

Heaven reſt his ſaul, whare'er he be!
Is th' wiſh o' mony mae than me:
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
As ſocial, honeſt man want we:
Tam Samſon's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samſon's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting Zealots, ſpare him!
If Honeſt Worth in Heaven riſe,
Ye'l mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the ſtreets an' neuks o' *Killie* *,
Tell ev'ry ſocial, honeſt billie
To ceaſe his grievin,
For yet, unſkaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samſon's livin!

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough underſtood; but, for the ſake of thoſe who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the ſcene is laid, Notes are added, to give ſome account of the principal Charms and Spells of that night, ſo big with Prophecy to the Peaſantry in the Weſt of Scotland.

* *Killie is a phraſe* the country-folks ſometimes uſe for the *name of a certain town in the Weſt.*

The paſſion of prying into Futurity makes a ſtriking part of the hiſtory of Human Nature, in its rude ſtate, in all ages and nations; and it may be ſome entertainment to a philoſophic mind, if any ſuch ſhould honour the Author with a peruſal, to ſee the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.

HALLOWEEN *.

Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud diſdain,
The ſimple pleaſures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art.
Goldſmith.

I.

UPON that night, when Fairies light,
On *Caſſillis Downans* † dance,
Or owre the lays, in ſplendid blaze,
On ſprightly courſers prance;
Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the *Cove* ‡, to ſtray an' rove,
Amang the rocks an' ſtreams
To ſport that night.

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other miſchief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly, thoſe aerial people, the Fairies, are ſaid, on that night, to hold a grand Anniverſary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient ſeat of the Earls of Caſſillis.

‡ *A noted cavern* near Colean-houſe, called the Cove of *Colean; which,* as well as Caſſillis Downans, is famed, in *country ſtory, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.*

II.

Amang the bonnie, winding banks,
Whare *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
Whare BRUCE * ance rul'd the martial ranks,
And ſtook his *Carrick* ſpear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their ſtocks,
An' hae their *Hallowe'en*
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The laſſes feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' ſweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads ſae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and ſome wi' gabs,
Gar laſſes hearts gang ſtartin,
Whyles faſt at night.

IV.

Then firſt an' foremoſt, thro' the kail,
Their *ſtocks* † maun a' be ſought ance;
They cleek their een, an' graip and wale,
For muckle anes, an' ſtraught anes.

---

* The famous family of that name, the anceſtors of ROBERT the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

† The firſt ceremony of Hallowe'en is pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They muſt go out, hand in hand, with eyes ſhut, *and pull the firſt they met with*: its being big or little, ſtraight, *or crooked, is prophetic of the ſize and ſhape of the grand object of all their wiſhes*—the future Lord or Wife. If any ſtalk

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
An' pou't, for want o' better ſhift,
A *runt* was like a ſow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, ſtraught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin,
Wi' ſtocks out-owre their ſhouther:
An' gif the *cuſtock's* ſweet or four,
Wi' jocteleg they taſte them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

VI.

The laſſes ſtaw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their *ſtalks o' corn*; *
But Rab ſlips out, and jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:

---

or earth, ſtick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taſte of the *cuſtoc*, that is the, heart of the ſtem, is indicative of the natural temper and diſpoſition. Laſtly, the ſtems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed ſomewhere above the head of the door; and the Chriſtian names of the people whom chance brings into the houſe, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in queſtion.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three ſeveral *times, a ſtalk of Oats.* If the third ſtalk wants the *top pickle, that is, the grain* at the top of the ſtalk, the party in queſtion *will come to the* marriage-bed any thing but a Maid.

He grippet Nelly hard an' faſt;
Loud ſkirl'd a' the laſſes;
But her *tap-pickle* maiſt was loſt,
When kittlin i' the Fauſe-houſe *
Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits* †
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads an' laſſes fates
Are there that night decided;
Some kindle, couthie, ſide by ſide,
An' *burn* thegither trimly;
Some ſtart awa' wi' faucy pride,
An' jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean ſlips in twa, wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas ſhe wadna tell;
But this is *Jock*, and this is *me*,
She ſays in to herſel:

---

* When the corn is in a doubtful ſtate, by being too green or wet, the ſtack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his ſtack, with an opening in the ſide which is faireſt expoſed to the wind: this he calls a *Fauſe-houſe*.

† Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and laſs to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or ſtart from beſide one another, the courſe and iſſue of the Courtſhip will be.

He bleez'd owre her, and ſhe owre him,
As they wad ne'er mair part,
Till fuff! he ſtarted up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a ſair heart
To ſee't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
Was *brunt* wi' primſie Mallie;
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie:
Mall's nit lap out, wi' prideſu' ſling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, an' ſwoor *by jing*,
'Twas juſt the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the Fauſe-houſe in her min',
She pits herſel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they ſweetly join,
Till white in aſe they're ſobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
She whiſper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, ſtownlins, prie'd her bonny mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unſeen that night.

XI.

But Merran ſat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gaſhin at their cracks,
An' ſlips out by herſel;

She thro' the yard the nearest takes,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the *blue-clue* * throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d! but she was quaukin!
But whether 'twa the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
'Will ye go wi' me, Graunie?
'I'll *eat the apple* † *at the glass*,
'I gat frae uncle Johnie:'

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot* a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand, *wha hads?* i. e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

She ſuff't her pipe wi' ſic a lunt,
In wrath ſhe was ſae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worſet apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face!
'I daur you try ſic ſportin,
'As ſeek the foul Thief ony place,
'For him to ſpae your fortune:
'ae doubt but ye may get a *fight!*
'Great cauſe ye hae to fear it;
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
'On ſic a night.

XV.

'Ae Hairſt afore the Sherra-muir,
'I mind't as weel's yeſtreen,
'I was a gilpey then, I'm ſure
'I was na paſt ſyfteen:
'The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
'An' ſtuff was unco green;
'An' ay a rantin kirn we gat,
'An' juſt on *Halloween*
'It fell that night.

XVI.

'Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
'A clever, ſturdy fallow;
'*His Sin gat* Eppie Sim wi' wean,
'*That liv'd* in Achmacalla;

'He gat *hemp-feed* *, I mind it weel,
'An' he made unco light o't;
'But monie a day was *by himſel*,
'He was ſae fairly frighted
'That vera night.'

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An' he ſwoor by his conſcience,
That he could *ſaw hemp-ſeed* a peck:
For it was a' but nonſenſe:
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bad him ſlip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane ſee'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the ſtacks,
Tho' he was ſomething ſturtin:
The *graip* he for a *harrow* taks,
An' haurls at his curpin:

* Steal out unperceived, and ſow a handful of hemp-ſeed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-ſeed I ſaw thee; "Hemp-ſeed I ſaw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my "true-love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left ſhoulder, and you will ſee the appearance of the perſon invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions ſay, "Come after me and ſhaw thee," that is, ſhow thyſelf; in which caſe it ſimply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and ſay, "Come after me and harrow thee."

And ev'ry now an' then, he ſays,
'Hemp-ſeed I ſaw thee,
'An' her that is to be my laſs,
'Come after me an' draw thee
'As faſt that night.'

XIX.

He whiſtl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was ſae fley'd an' eerie:
'Till preſently he hears a ſqueak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his ſhouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

XX.

[redacted] a horrid murder-ſhout,
In readfu' deſperation!
An' young an' auld come rinnin out,
An' hear the ſad narration:
He ſwoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
'Till ſtop! ſhe trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but *Grumphie*
Aſteer that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* gaen,
To *winn three wechts o' naething*; *
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:

* *This charm* muſt likewiſe be performed unco *ſaul, alone.* You go to the *barn*, and open [illegible]

She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
And twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the *Barn* ſhe ſets,
In hopes to ſee Tam Kipples
That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threſhold ventures;
But firſt on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in ſhe enters:
A *ratton* rattl'd up the wa',
An' ſhe cry'd, L – d preſerve her;
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a'.
And pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
Fu' faſt that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice;
They hecht him ſome fine braw ane;
It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice* *,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin:

taking them off the hinges, if poſſible: for there is danger that the *being*, about to appear, may ſhut the doors, and do you ſome miſchief. Then take that inſtrument uſed in winnowing the corn, which, in our country-dialect, we call a *wecht*, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn againſt the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, in apparition will paſs through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in queſtion, and the appearance of retinue, marking the employment or ſtation in life.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed to a *Beer-ſtack*, and fathom it three times round. The laſt fathom of the laſt time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

He taks a ſwirlie, auld moſs-oak,
For ſome black, grouſome Carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a ſtroke,
Till ſkin in blypes cam haurlin
Aff's nieves that nicht.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As cantie as a kittlin;
But, Och! that night, amang the ſhaws,
She gat a fearfu' ſettlin!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed ſcrievin,
Whare *three Lairds' lands met at a burn* *,
To dip her left ſark-ſleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky ſcar it ſtrays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the ſpreading hazle
Unſeen that night.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a ſocia ſouth-running ſpring or rivulet, where 'three I 'meet,' and dip your left ſhirt-ſleeve. Go to ſ of a fire, and hang your wet ſleeve before it tc awake; and, ſome time near midnight, an apparit the exact figure of the grand object in queſtion, wi turn the ſleeve, as if to dry the other ſide of it,

XXVI.

Amang the brachens on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or elſe an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maiſt lap the hool;
Near lav'rock height ſhe jumpit,
But miſt a fit, an' in the *Pool*
Out-owre the lugs ſhe plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-ſtane,
The *Luggies* three * are ranged;
An' ev'ry time great care is ta'en
To ſee them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin' *Mar's-year* did deſire,
Becauſe he gat the toom diſh thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire,
In wrath that night.

* Take three diſhes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty: blindfold a perſon, and lead him to the hearth where the diſhes are ranged; he (or ſhe) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future huſband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty diſh, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the diſhes is altered.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry fangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their ſports were cheap and cheary:
Till *butter'd Sow'rs**, wi fragrand lunt,
Sets a' their gabs a-ſteerin;
Syne, wi' a ſocial glaſs o' ſtrunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

THE AULD FARMER'S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO HIS AULD MARE, MAGGIE;

On giving her the accuſtomed Ripp of Corn to Hanſel in the New Year.

A *GUID New-year* I wiſh thee Maggie!
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie;
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've ſeen the day
Thou could hae gaen like ony ſtaggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, ſtiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daiſie,
I've ſeen thee dappl't, ſleek an' glaizie,
A bonie gray:
He ſhould been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day.

* *Sowens*, with butter inſtead of milk to them, is alwa
the Hallowcen Supper.

Thou ance was i' the foremoſt rank,
A *filly* buird'ly, ſteeve, an' ſwank,
An' ſet weel down a ſhapely ſhank
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a ſtank
Like onie bird.

It's now ſome nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my Guid-father's *Meere*;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was ſma', 'twas weel won-gear
An' thou was ſtark.

When firſt I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin wi' your Minnie:
Tho' ye was tricky, ſlee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donſie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco ſonſie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie *Bride*:
An' ſweet an' gracefu' ſhe did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Steward I could bragged wide,
For ſic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
An' wintle like a ſaumont-coble,
That day, ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' *ran them till* they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'!

When thou an' I were young an' ſkiegh,
An' ſtable-meals at Fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' ſnore, an' ſkriegh,
An' tak the road!
Town's-bodies ran, an' ſtood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a ſwallow:
At *Brooſes* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' ſpeed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed,

The ſma', droop-rumpl't, hunter-cattle,
Might ablins waur't thee for a battle;
But ſax Scottiſh miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor ſpur, but juſt a wattle
O' ſugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn.
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd ſax rood beſide our han',
For ſtakes thegither.

Thou never braindg't, but ſteady, ſteady,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae wavit,
An' ſpread abreed thy weel-filled hurdies,
Wi' pith an' power,
Till ſpritty knowes wad rair't an' ſtriddle
An' ſlypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heep
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it:
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairntime a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst;
They drew me threttеen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie a fair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na', my auld trusty servant',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end, in starvin,
For my last *fou*,
A heapit *Stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

*Inscribed to R. A****, Esq.*

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.
Gray.

I.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What A**** in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:

The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,
This Night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his ſpades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in eaſe and reſt to ſpend,
And weary, o'er the muir, his courſe does hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
Beneath the ſhelter of a lonely tree;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, ſtacher through
To meet their Dad wi' flichern noiſe and glee.
His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-ſtane, his thrifty *wife's* ſmile,
The liſping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,
At ſervice out amang the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, ſome herd, ſome tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldeſt hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, Love ſparklin in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to ſhew a braw new gown,
Or depoſite her ſair-won penny-fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardſhip be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and ſiſters, meet
And each for other's weelfare kindly ſpeirs:
The ſocial hours, ſwift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he ſees or hears.

The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
'And O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
'And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and night!
'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
'They never sought in vain that sought the LORD aright.

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek,
With heart-struck, anxious care, enquires his name,
While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild worthless Rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben;
A strapping youth; he taks the Mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The Father cracks o' horses ploughs, and kye.

The Youngſter's artleſs heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', ſcarce can weel behave;
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can ſpy
What makes the Youth ſae baſhfu' and ſae grave;
Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* reſpected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliſs beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
And ſage *Experience* bids me this declare——
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleaſure ſpare,
'One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modeſt Pair,
'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that ſcents the ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch! a Villain! loſt to love and truth!
That can, with ſtudied, ſly, enſnaring art,
Betray ſweet *Jenny's* unſuſpecting youth?
Curſe on his perjur'd arts) diſſembling ſmooth!
Are Honour, Virtue, Conſcience, all exil'd?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their deſtraction wild?

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their ſimple board,
The healſome *Parritch*, chief of *Scotia's* food:
The ſoupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
That *yont the hallan* ſnugly chows her cood:

The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
And aft he's preſt, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld ſin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The chearfu' ſupper done, wi' ſerious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big *Ha'-Bible*, ance his Father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aſide,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Thoſe ſtrains that once did ſweet in *Zion* glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
'*And let us worſhip* GOD:' he ſays with ſolemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artleſs notes in ſimple guiſe;
They tune their hearts, by far the nobleſt aim:
Perhaps *Dundee*'s wild-warbling meaſures riſe
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beats the heaven-ward flame,
The ſweeteſt far of *Scotia*'s holy lays:
Compar'd with theſe, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raiſe:
Nae uniſon hae they with our *Creator*'s praiſe.

XIV.

The prieſt-like Father reads the ſacred page,
How *Abram* was the *Friend of* GOD on high;
Or, *Moſes* bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek*'s ungracious progeny;

Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
Beneath the ſtroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or *Job*'s pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt *Iſaiah*'s wild, ſeraphic fire;
Or other Holy Seers that tune the ſacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Chriſtian Volume* is the theme,
How guiltleſs blood for guilty man was ſhed;
How *He*, who bore in Heaven the ſecond name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
How His firſt followers and ſervants ſped;
The Precepts ſage they wrote to many a land;
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* baniſhed,
Saw in the ſun a mighty Angel ſtand,
And heard great *Bab'lon*'s doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The *Saint*, the *Father* and the *Huſband* prays:
Hope 'ſprings exulting on triumphant wing *,'
That *thus* they all ſhall meet in future days;
There ever baſk in uncreated rays.
No more to ſigh or ſhed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their *Creator*'s praiſe,
In ſuch ſociety, yet ſtill more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal ſphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method, and of art,

* Pope's windſor Foreſt.

When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart!*
The *Power*, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some *Cottage* far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the Soul;
And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest;
The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with *Grace divine* preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O *Scotia!* my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health and peace, and sweet content!

And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy *Wallace'* heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
(The Patriot's *God* peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never *Scotia's* realm desert,
But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard!

TO A MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough, November 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hastie,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle!*

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, *thy poor, earth-born companion,*
An' *fellow-mortal!*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie thou maun live!
A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*
'S a sma' requeest;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' nae thing, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *men*
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest compar'd wi' *me!*
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear*!

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wherefe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitylefs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? ——————
Shakeſpeare.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp ſhivers through the leafleſs bow'r;
When *Phœbus* gies a ſhort-liv'd glow'r
Far ſouth the lift,
Dim dark'ning thro' the flaky ſhow'r
Or whirling drift.

Ae night the Storm the ſteeples rocked,
Poor Labour ſweet in ſleep was locked,
While burns, wi' ſnawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying ſwirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

Liſt'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle
I thought me on the ourie cattle,

Or ſilly ſheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, ſprattle,
Beneath a ſcar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpleſs thing!
That in the merry months o' ſpring,
Delighted me to hear thee ſing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' cloſe thy e'e!

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your ſavage homes exil'd,
The blood-ſtain'd rooſt, and ſheep-cote ſpoil'd
My heart forgets,
While pityleſs the tempeſt wild
Sore on you beats.

Now *Phœbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crouding thoughts, a penſive train,
Roſe in my ſoul,
When on my ear this plaintive ſtrain,
Slow-ſolemn, ſtole—

'Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier guſt!
'And freeze, thou bitter-biting Froſt!
'Deſcend, ye chilly, ſmothering Snows!
'Not all your rage, as now, united ſhows
'More hard unkindneſs, unrelenting,
'Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
'Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man beſtows!
'See ſtern Oppreſſion's iron grip,

'Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
'Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
'Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land!
'Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
'Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
'How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
'The parasite empoisoning her ear,
'With all the servile wretches in the rear,
'Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;
'And eyes the simple rustic Hind,
'Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
'A creature of another kind,
'Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
'Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!
'Where, where is Love's fond tender throe,
'With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
'The pow'rs you proudly own?
'Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
'Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
'To bless himself alone!
'Mark, Maiden-innocence a prey
'To love pretending snares,
'This boasted Honor turns away,
'Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
'Regardless of the tears and unavailing pray'rs!
'Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
'She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
'And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast;
'Oh ye! who sunk in beds of down,
'Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
'Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
'Whom friends and fortune quite disown!

'Ill-satisfy'd, keen Natures clam'rous call,
'Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
'While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
'Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
'Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
'Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
'Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!
'But shall thy legal rage pursue
'The Wretch, already crushed low
'By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
'Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
'A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!'

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles GOD.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET,

January—

I.

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely, westlin jingle.

While frofty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,
That live ſae bien an' fnug:
I tent leſs, and want leſs
Their roomy fire-ſide;
But hanker and canker,
To ſee their curſed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being ſour,
To ſee how things are ſhar'd;
How beſt o' chiels are whyles in want,
While Coofs on countleſs thouſands rant,
And ken na how to wair't:
But *Davie*, lad, ne'er faſh your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
'Mair ſper na, nor fear na' *
Auld age ne'er mind a feg;
The laſt o't, the warſt o't,
Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtleſs, great diſtreſs!
Yet then content could make us bleſt;
Ev'n then, ſometimes, we'd ſnatch a taſte
O' trueſt happineſs.

* Ramſay.

The honeſt heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay ſome cauſe to ſmile;
An' mind ſtill, you'll find ſtill
A comfort this nae wa';
Nae mair then we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either houſe or hal'?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The ſweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all
In days when Daiſies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whiſtle clear,
With honeſt joy our hearts will bound,
To ſee the coming year;
On braes when we pleaſe, then,
We'll ſit and ſowth a tune;
Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
And ſing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchaſe peace and reſt:
It's no in makin muckle, mair:
It's no in books, it's no in lear,

To make us truly blest.
If Happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang,
The *heart* ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless and fearless
Of either Heaven or Hell;
Esteeming, and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce,
Nor mak our scanty Pleasures less,
By pining at our state:
And, even should Misfortunes come,
I here wha sit hae met wi' some,
An's *thankfu' for them* yet.

They gie the wit of Age to Youth;
They let us ken ourſel;
They mak us ſee the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Tho' loſſes and crosſes
Be leſſons right ſevere,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie* Ace o' Hearts;
(To ſay aught leſs wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I deteſt)
This life has joys for you and I,
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very beſt.
There's a' the *Pleaſures o' the Heart*,
The Lover an' the Friend';
Ye hae your *Meg*, your deareſt part,
And I my darling *Jean!*
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her *name*;
It heats me, it beats me,
And ſets me a' on flame.

IX.

O all you Pow'rs who rule above!
O *Thou*, whoſe very ſelf art *love!*
Thou know'ſt my words ſincere!
The life-blood ſtreaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear Immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!

When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my ſoul of reſt,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And ſolace to my breaſt.
Thou *Being*, All-ſeeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her
Thy moſt peculiar care!

X.

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
The ſmile of love, the friendly tear,
The ſympathetic glow!
Long ſince, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate ſtill has bleſt me with a friend,
In ev'ry care and ill:
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender ſtill.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific ſcene,
To meet with, and greet with
My *Davie* or my *Jean*!

XI.

O, how that *name* inſpires my ſtyle!
The words come ſkelpin, rank and file
Amaiſt before I ken!
The ready meaſure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen.

My ſpaviet *Pegaſus* will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and ſtilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit:
But leaſt then the beaſt than
Should rue this haſty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His ſweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT.

Occaſioned by the Unfortunate Iſſue of a Friend's Amour.

Alas! how oft does Goodneſs wound itſelf!
And ſweet Affection prove the ſpring of Woe!
Home.

I.

O THOU pale orb, that ſilent ſhines,
While care-untroubled mortals ſleep!
Thou ſeeſt a Wretch, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream!

II.

I joyleſs view thy rays adorn
The faintly marked, diſtant hill:
I joyleſs view thy trembling horn,
Reflected on the gurgling rill.

My fondly-fluttering heart, be ſtill!
Thou buſy pow'r, Remembrance, ceaſe!
Ah! muſt the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning Peace!

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
My ſad, love-lorn lamentings claim:
No ſhepherd's pipe—Arcadian ſtrains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame;
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft-atteſted Pow'rs above;
The *promis'd Father's tender name*;
Theſe were the pledges of thy love!

IV.

Encircled in her claſping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown!
How have I wiſh'd for Fortune's charms,
For her dear ſake, and her's alone!
And, muſt I think it! is ſhe gone,
My ſecret heart's exulting boaſt?
And does ſhe heedleſs hear my groan?
And is ſhe ever, ever loſt?

V.

Oh! can ſhe bear ſo baſe a heart,
So loſt to Honor, loſt to Truth,
As from the fondeſt lover part,
The plighted huſband of her youth!
Alas! Life's path may be unſmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough diſtreſs!
Then, who her pangs and pains will ſoothe,
Her ſorrows ſhare and make them leſs?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us paſt,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breaſt,
My fondly-treaſur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breaſt, how dreary now, and void,
For her too ſcanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope deſtroy'd,
And not a *Wiſh* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns the approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I ſee the hours, in long array,
That I muſt ſuffer, lingering, flow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen Recollection's direful train,
Muſt wring my ſoul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiſs the diſtant weſtern main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-haraſs'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I ſlumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns, haggard-wild, in ſore affright;
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
From ſuch a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanſe,
Now higheſt reign'ſt with boundleſs ſway!
Oft has thy ſilent-marking glance
Obſerv'd us, fondly-wandring, ſtray!

The time, unheeded, ſped away,
While Love's luxurious pulſe beat high,
Beneath thy ſilver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh! ſcenes in ſtrong remembrance ſet!
Scenes, never, never to return!
Scenes, if in Stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleaſure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeleſs, comfortleſs, I'll mourn
A faithleſs woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppreſs'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I ſet me down and ſigh:
O Life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches ſuch as I!
Dim-backward as I caſt my view,
What ſick'ning Scenes appear!
What ſorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too juſtly I may fear!
Still caring, deſpairing,
Muſt be my bitter doom;
My woes here ſhall cloſe ne'er,
But with the cloſing tomb!

II.

Happy! ye ſons of buſy life,
Who, equal to the buſtling ſtrife,
No other view regard!
Even when the wiſhed *end*'s denyd,
Yet while the buſy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Whilſt I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry ſad returning night,
And joyleſs morn the ſame.
You, buſtling and juſtling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I liſtleſs, yet reſtleſs,
Find ev'ry proſpect vain.

III.

How bleſt the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly gathered fruits,
Beſide his cryſtal well!
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented ſtream,
The ways of men are diſtant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praiſing, and raiſing
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meandring,
He views the ſolemn ſky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit placid,
Where never human footſtep trac'd,
Leſs fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And *juſt* to ſtop, and *juſt* to move,
With ſelf-reſpecting art:
But ah! thoſe pleaſures, Loves and Joys,
Which I too keenly taſte,
The *Solitary* can deſpiſe,
Can want, and yet be bleſt!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate;
Whilſt I here muſt cry here
At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtleſs Pleaſure's maze,
To care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltleſs ſport,
Like linnets in the buſh,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wiſh!
The loſſes, the croſſes,
That *active man* engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining *Age!*

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN:

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's furly blaft
Made fields and foreſts bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I ſpy'd a man, whoſe aged ſtep
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young ſtranger, whither wand'reſt thou?
Began the rev'rend Sage;
Does thirſt of wealth thy ſtep conſtrain,
Or youthful Pleaſure's rage?
Or haply, preſt with cares and woes,
Too ſoon thou haſt began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miſeries of Man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-ſpreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to ſupport
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've ſeen yon weary winter-ſun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

Man; while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate Follies take the sway;
Licentious Passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Or Manhood's active might!
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With Cares and Sorrows worn,
Then Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse, and Shame!

And Man, whoſe heav'n-erected face
The ſmiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countleſs thouſands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And ſee his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor Petition ſpurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpleſs offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm deſign'd yon lordling's ſlave,
By Nature's law deſign'd,
Why was an independent wiſh
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I ſubject to
His cruelty, or ſcorn?
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Diſturb thy youthful breaſt;
This partial view of human-kind
Is ſurely not the *laſt!*
The poor, oppreſſed, honeſt man
Had never, ſure, been born,
Had there not been ſome recompenſe
To comfort thoſe that mourn!

O

XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The Great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, Oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

II.

"The sweeping blast the sky o'ercast *,"
The joyless Winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine;

* Dr. Young.

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy* Will!
Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign!*

A PRAYER,

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do thou, *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other Plea I have,
But *Thou art good*; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or Death's unlovely, dreary dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Fain promise never more to disobey!
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way;

Again in Folly's path might go aſtray;
Again exalt the brute, and ſink the man;
Then how ſhould I for Heavenly Mercy pray,
Who a ſo counter Heavenly Mercy's plan?
Who ſin ſo oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempeſt ceaſe to blow,
Or ſtill the tumult of the raging ſea:
With that controuling pow'r aſſiſt ev'n me,
Thoſe headlong, furious paſſions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

Lying at a Reverend Friend's houſe one night, the Author left the following Verſes *in the room where he ſlept.*

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'ſt above,
I know Thou wilt me hear;
When for this ſcene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r ſincere.

II.

The hoary Sire—the mortal ſtroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to ſpare;
To bleſs his little filial flock,
And ſhow what good men are.

III.

She who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bleſs her with a mother's joys,
But ſpare a Mother's tears,

IV.

Their hope, their ſtay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning bluſh;
Bleſs him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a Parent's wiſh.

V.

The beauteous, Seraph ſiſter-band,
With earneſt tears I pray,
Thou know'ſt the ſnares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their ſteps alway.

VI.

When ſoon or late they reach that coaſt,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer loſt,
A family in Heav'n!

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happineſs in ſtore,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the ſeat of ſcornful Pride
Caſts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his GOD.

That man ſhall flouriſh like the trees
Which by the ſtreamlets grow;
The fruitful top is ſpread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whoſe bloſſoms buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be caſt,
And like the rootleſs ſtubble toſt,
Before the ſweeping blaſt.

For why? That GOD the good
Hath given them peace and reſt,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly bleſt.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES
OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the firſt, the greateſt friend
Of all the human race!
Whoſe ſtrong right hand has ever been
Their ſtay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountain heav'd its baſe
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itſelf
Aroſe at Thy command.

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
'Return ye into nought;'

Thou layest them, with all their cares
In everlasting sleep:
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the Plough in April 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scantie mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise:
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of ſimple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckleſs ſtarr'd!
Unſkilful he to note the card
Of *prudent Lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *ſuffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has ſtriv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Miſ'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry ſtay but *Heav'n*,
He, undiſmay'd, ſink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'ſt the Daiſy's fate,
That fate is thine—no diſtant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-ſhare* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till cruſh'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TO RUIN.

I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
At whoſe deſtruction-breathing word,
The mightieſt empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The miniſters of Grief and Pain,
A ſullen welcome, all!

With ſtern-reſolv'd, deſpairing eye,
I ſee each aimed dart;
For one has cut my *deareſt tye*,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The *Storm* no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
While Life a *pleaſure* can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I ſhrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To cloſe this ſcene of care!
When ſhall my ſoul, in ſilent peace,
Reſign Life's *joyleſs* day?
My weary heart it's throbbings ceaſe,
Cold-mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To ſtain my lifeleſs face,
Enclaſped, and graſped,
Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS L——,

With BEATTIE'S POEMS *for a New-Year's Gift.*
January 1, 1787.

AGAIN the ſilent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' ſcarce in maiden prime,
Are ſo much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin*'s simple tale.

Our Sex with guile, and faithless love,
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind *memento*;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained:
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no ſay, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few reſtricked;
But Och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be truſted;
If *Self* the wavering balance ſhake,
It's rarely right adjuſted!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortunes ſtrife,
Their fate we ſhould na cenſure,
For ſtill th' *important end* of life,
They equally may anſwer:
A man may hae an honeſt heart,
Tho' Poortith hourly ſtare him:
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae *caſh* to ſpare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your ſtory tell,
When wi' a boſom crony;
But ſtill keep ſomething to yourſel
Ye ſcarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yourſel as weel's ye can
Frae critical diſſection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' ſharpen'd ſly inſpection.

VI.

The ſacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it:
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
Tho' nuthing ſhould divulge it:

I wave the quantum o' the sin?
The hazard of concealing;
But Och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justify'd by Honor:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *Independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,
Let that ay be your border:
It's slighteſt touches, inſtant pauſe—
Debar a' ſide-pretences;
And reſolutely keep it's laws,
Uncaring conſequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Muſt ſure become the *Creature*;
But ſtill the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with Wits profane to range,
Be complaiſance extended;
An Atheiſt-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

X.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a *random fling*,
It may be little minded;
But when on Life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor!*

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In Ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the *rede*,
Than e'er did the Adviser!

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU great Being! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canſt not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free' my weary eyes from tears,
Or cloſe them faſt in death!

But if I muſt afflicted be,
To ſuit ſome wiſe deſign;
Then, man my ſoul with firm reſolves
To bear and not repine!

ON A SCOTCH BARD.

Gone to the Weſt Indies.

A' YE wha live by ſowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our *billie*'s gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the Sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-ſplore;
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
In ſocial key;
For now he's taen anither ſhore,
An' owre the Sea!

The bonie laſſes weel may wiſh him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bleſs him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll fairly miſs him
That's owre the Sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadſt thou taen aff ſome drowſy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as onie wumble,
That's owre the Sea!

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' ſtain them wi' the ſaut, ſaut tear:
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee:
He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the Sea!

He ſaw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-weſt*
Lang muſtering up a bitter blaſt;
A jillet brak his heart at laſt,
Ill may ſhe be!
So, took a birth afore the maſt,
An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On ſcarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud independent ſtomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great miſguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding*;
He dealt it free:
The Muſe was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, uſe him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel,
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the very Deil,
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-compoſing billie!*
Your native ſoil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flouriſh like a lily,
Now bonilie!
I'll toaſt ye in my hindmoſt gillie,
Tho' owre the Sea!

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honeſt, ſonſie face,
Great Chieftain o' the Puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o' a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a diſtant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews diſtil
Like amber bead.

His knife see Ruſtic-labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready ſlight,
Trenching your guſhing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious ſight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn they ſtretch an' ſtrive,
Deil tak the hindmoſt, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-ſwall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maiſt like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad ſtaw a ſow,
Or *fricaſſee* wad mak her ſpew
Wi' perfect ſconner,
Looks down wi' ſneering, ſcornfu' view
On ſic a dinner?

Poor devil! ſee him owre his traſh,
As feckleſs as a' wither'd raſh,
His ſpindle ſhank a guid whip-laſh,
His nieve a nit:
Thro' bluidy flood or field to daſh,
O how unfit!

But mark the Ruſtic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth reſounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whiſtle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will ſned,
Like taps o' thriſtle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And diſh them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae ſtinking ware
That jaups in luggies:
But, if ye wiſh her gratefu' pray'r
Gie her a *haggis!*

A DEDICATION.

*To G**** H*******, Eſq.*

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
To rooſe you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' ſprung o' great an' noble bluid;
Becauſe ye're ſirnam'd like *His Grace*
Perhaps related to the race:
Then when I'm tir'd—and ſae are *ye*,
Wi' monie a fulſome, ſinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I ſtop ſhort,
For fear your modeſty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun pleaſe the Great Folk for a wamefou;
For me! ſae laigh I need na bow,
For, LORD be thankit, *I can ſtaugh*:
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, LORD be thankit *I can tak it*;
Sae I ſhall ſay, and that's nae flatt'rin,
It's juſt *ſic Poet* an' *ſic Patron*.

The Poet, ſome guid Angel help him,
Or elſe, I fear, ſome ill ane ſkelp him!
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only—he's no juſt begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's juſt--nae better than he ſhou'd be.
I readily and freely grant,
He downa ſee a poor man want;
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
What ance he ſays, he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidneſs is abus'd;
And rafcals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
As Maſter, Landlord, Huſband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either.
But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae *godly ſymptom* ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor, ſinfu', corrupt Nature:
Ye'll get the beſt o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n;
It's juſt a carnal inclination.
Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thouſands thou haſt ſlain!
Vain is his hope, whaſe ſtay an' truſt is
In *moral* Mercy, Truth an' Juſtice!
No--ſtretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuſe a Brother to his back;
Steal thro' the *winnock* frae a wh-re,
But point the Rake that taks the *door*;

Be to the Poor like onie whunſtane;
And haud their noſes to the grunſtane;
Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving:
No Matter—ſtick to *ſound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-ſpread looves, an' lang wry faces;
Grunt up a ſolemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' Parties but your own;
I'll warrant then; ye're nae Deceiver,
A ſteady, ſturdy, ſtaunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the ſprings o' *C-lv-n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
Ye ſons of Hereſy and Error,
Ye'll ſome day ſqueel in quaking terror!
When Vengeance draws the ſword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the ſheath;
When Ruin, with his ſweeping *beſom*,
Juſt frets till Heav'n commiſſion gies him;
While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
And ſtrikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder ſhrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digreſſion,
I maiſt forgat my *Dedication*;
But when Divinity comes croſs me,
My readers ſtill are ſure to loſe me.

So, Sir, you ſee 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You*:
Becauſe (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them ſomething like yourſel.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your petitioner ſhall ever——
I had amaiſt ſaid, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na ſay:

I hae little skill o't;
lead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
epeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
s or hears about you, Sir——
ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk!*
ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
that fame gen'rous spirit smart!
/ K******'s far-honour'd name
ng beet his hymeneal flame,
ll H*******'s, at least a diz'n,
re frae their nuptial labors risen:
ive bonie Lasses round their table,
And fev'n braw Fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their King an' Country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May Health and peace, with mutual rays,
' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
' Till his wee, curlie *John*'s ier-oe,
' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow
' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!'
I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion:
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are bleft with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.
But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
That iron hearted Carl, *Want*,
Attended, in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Mak you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more;
For who would humbly serve the Poor?

But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim ſad of Fortune's ſtrife,
I, thro' the tender-guſhing tear,
Should recogniſe my *Maſter dear*,
If friendleſs, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my *Friend* and *Brother!*

TO A LOUSE.

On ſeeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA! whare ye gaun ye, crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you fairlie:
I canna ſay but ye ſtrunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but ſparely
On ſic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blaſtit wonner,
Deteſted, ſhunn'd, by ſaunt an' ſinner,
How daur ye ſet your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae ſomewhere elſe and ſeek your dinner,
On ſome poor body.

Swith, in ſome beggar's haffet ſquattle;
There ye may creep, and ſprawl, and ſprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In ſhoals and nations;
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er daur unſettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' ſight,
Below the ſatt'rels, ſnug and tight;
Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmoſt, tow'ring height
O' *Miſs's bonnet*.

My ſooth! right bauld ye ſet your noſe out,
As plump an' gray as onie grozet:
O for ſome rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red ſmeddum,
I'd gie you ſic a hearty doſe o't,
Wad dreſs your droddum!

I wad na been ſurpris'd to ſpy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins ſome bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miſs's fine *Lunardi!* fie!
How daur ye do't?

O *Jenny*, dinna toſs your head,
An' ſet your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what curſed ſpeed
The blaſtie's makin!
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad ſome Pow'r the giftie gie us
To ſee ourſels as others ſee us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dreſs an' gait wad lead us,
And ev'n Devotion!

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling ſeat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legiſlation's ſov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-ſcatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I ſtray'd,
And ſinging, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I ſhelter in thy honor'd ſhade.

II.

Here Wealth ſtill ſwells the golden tide,
As buſy Trade his labours plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and ſplendor riſe:
Here Juſtice, from her native ſkies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, ſocial, kind,
With open arms the ſtranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale:
Attentive ſtill to Sorrow's wail,
Or modeſt Merit's ſilent claim;
And never may their ſources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer fly,
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair B***** ſtrikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy ſhine;
I ſee the *Sire of Love* on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the leaſt alarms,
Thy rough, rude Fortreſs gleams afar;
Like ſome bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a ſeamy ſcar:
The pond'rous wall and ſtrong bar,
Grim-riſing o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withſtood aſſailing War,
And oft repell'd th' Invader's ſhock.

VI.

With awe-ſtruck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, ſtately Dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
Alas! how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal Name low in the duſt!
Their hapleſs Race wild wand'ring roam!
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas juſt!

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your ſteps,
Whoſe anceſtors, in days of yore,
Thro' hoſtile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:

Ev'n *I* who ſing in ruſtic lore,
Haply *my Sires* have left their ſhed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudeſt roar,
Bold-following where your Fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! Scotia's darling ſeat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legiſlation's ſov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-ſcatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I ſtray'd,
And ſinging, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I ſhelter in thy honor'd ſhade.

EPISTLE TO J. L*****K.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briars an' woodbines budding green,
An' Paitricks ſcraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning Pouſſie whidden ſeen,
Inſpire my Muſe,
This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
I pray excuſe.

On Faſten-een we had a rockin,
To crack the crack and weave our ſtockin;
And there was muckle fun and jockin,
Ye need na doubt;
At *length* we had a hearty yokin
At *ſang about*.

There was ae *fang*, amang the reſt,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me beſt,
That ſome kind huſband had addreſt
To ſome ſweet wife:
It thrill'd the heart-ſtrings thro' the breaſt,
A' to the life.

I've ſcarce heard ought deſcrib'd ſae weel,
What gen'rous, manly boſoms feel;
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
'Or Beattie's wark?'
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
An' ſae about him there I ſpier't;
Then a' that ken't him round declar'd,
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was ſae fine.

That, ſet him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes or ſangs he'd made himſel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverneſs and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' ſwoor an aith,
Tho' I ſhould pawn my pleugh an' graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At ſome dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack.

But, firſt an' foremoſt, I ſhould tell,
Amaiſt as ſoon as I could ſpell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's ſel,
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae *Poet*, in a ſenſe,
But juſt a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the mat
Whene'er my Muſe does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their noſe,
And ſay, 'How can you e'er propoſe,
'You wha ken hardly *verſe* frae *proſe*,
'To mak a *ſang*?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' ſtools;
If honeſt Nature made you *fools*,
What ſairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better taen up ſpades and ſhools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A ſet o' dull, conceited Hashes,
Confuſe their brains in College-claſſes!
They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Aſſes,
Plain truth to ſpeak;
An' ſyne they think to clamb Parnaſſus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae ſpark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I deſire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muſe, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a ſpunk o' *Allan*'s glee,
Or *Ferguſon*'s, the bauld an' ſlee,
Or bright L*****k's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be *lear* eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be ſow,
I'ſe no inſiſt;
But, gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your liſt.

I winna blaw about myſel,
As ill I like my faults to tell;
But friends, an' folk that wiſh me well,
They ſometimes rooſe me;
Tho' I maun own, as monie ſtill
As far abuſe me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the laſſes—Gude forgie me!
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair:
Maybe ſome ither thing they gie me
They weel can ſpare,

But *Mauchline* Race or *Mauchline* Fair,
I ſhould be proud to meet you there;
We'ſe gie ae night's diſcharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a ſwap o' *rhymin ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'ſe gar him clatter,
An' kirſen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll ſit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart;
An' faith, we'ſe be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye ſelfiſh, warly race,
Wha think that havins, ſenſe, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendſhip, ſhould give place
To *catch-the-plack!*
I dinna like to ſee your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom ſocial pleaſure charms,
Whoſe hearts the tide of kindneſs warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epiſtle,
As my auld pen's worn to the griſſle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fiſſle,
Who am, moſt fervent,
While I can either ſing, or whiſtle,
Your friend and ſervant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the ſtake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honeſt-hearted, auld *L*****k*,
For his kind letter.

Forjeſket ſair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite,
My awkart Muſe ſair pleads and begs
I would na write.

The tapetleſs, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's faſt at beſt an' ſomething lazy:
Quo' ſhe, ye ken we've been ſae buſy
'This month an' mair,
'That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
'An' ſomething ſair.'

Her dowff excuſes pat me mad;
'Conſcience,' ſays I, 'ye thowleſs jad!
'I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
'This vera night,
'So dinna ye affront your trade,
'But rhyme it right.

'*Shall* bauld *L*****k*, the king o' hearts,
'*Tho' mankind* were a pack o' cartes,

'Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly,
'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
'An' thank him kindly?'

Sae I gat paper in a-blink,
An' down gaed *stumpie* in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it;
'An' if ye winna mak it clink,
'By Jove I'll prose it!'

Sae I've begun to scrawl; but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend; ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp,
Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune *waft* an' *warp*;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the *ſix* an' *twentieth ſimmer*,
I've ſeen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still perſecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, deſpite the little kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behind a kift to lie an' ſklent,
Or purſe-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
An' muckle wame,
In ſome bit Brugh to repreſent
A *Bailie's* name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffl'd ſark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himſel nae ſheep-ſhank bane,
But lordly ſtalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

'O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
'Gie me o' wit an' ſenſe a lift,
'Then turn me, if *Thou* pleaſe, adrift,
'Thro' Scotland wide;
'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna ſhift,
'In a' their pride!'

Were this the *charter* of our ſtate,
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
"'Tis *he* fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
"And none but *he*."

O Mandate, glorious and divine!
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils yet may shine
In glorious light,
While fordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some *future carcase* howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may *L*****e* and *B***** arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hope an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year!

TO W. S*****N, OCHILTREE.

May 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie*;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;

Tho' I maun ſay't, I wad be ſilly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin ſtrain.

But I'ſe believe ye kindly meant it,
I ſud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic ſatire, ſidelins ſklented
On my poor Muſie;
Tho' in ſic phraſin terms ye've penn'd it,
I ſcarce excuſe ye.

My ſenſes wad be in a creel,
Should I but daur a *hope* to ſpeel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame;
Or *Ferguſon*, the writer-chiel,
A deathleſs name.

(O *Ferguſon!* thy glorious parts
Ill-ſuited law's dry, muſty arts!
My curſe upon your whunſtane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry
The tythe o' what ye waſte at cartes
Wad ſtow'd his pant

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or laſſes gie my heart a ſcreed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O ſad diſcaſe!)
I kittle up my *ruſtic reed*;
It gies me eaſe.

Auld *Coila*, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Bardie's o' her ain,
Chiels wha there their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' refound again
Her weel-ſung praiſe.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To ſet her name in meaſur'd ſtyle;
She lay like ſome unkend-of ile
Beſide *New Holland*,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Beſouth *Magellan*.

Ramſay an' famous *Fergufon*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon;
Yarrow and *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
Nae body ſings.

The *Illiſus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
Glide ſweet in monie a tuneſu' line;
But, *Willie*, ſet your fit to mine,
An' cock your creſt,
We'll gar our ſtreams and burnies ſhine
Up wi' the beſt.

We'll auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious *Wallace*
Aft bure the gree, as ſtory tells,
Frae Suthron billies.

At *Wallace'* name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a ſpring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearleſs Father's ſtrode
By *Wallace'* ſide,
Still preſſing onward, red-wat ſhod,
Or glorious dy'd.

O ſweet are *Coila's* haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
Wi' wailfu' cry!

Ev'n Winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts an' hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O *Nature!* a' thy ſhews an' forms
To feeling, penſive hearts hae charms!
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in guſty ſtorms,
The lang, dark night!

The Muſe, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himſel he learn'd to wander,
Adown ſome trottin burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O ſweet, to ſtray an' penſive ponder
A heart-felt ſang,

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature's* face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, 'my rhyme composing' brither!
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highland-men hate tolls an' taxes;
While moorlan herds like guid fat braxies;
While Terra Firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In *Robert Burns*.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *new-light* *,
'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,

* See Note, page 49.

They took nae pains their ſpeech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But ſpak their thoughts in plain braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
Juſt like a ſark, or pair o' ſhoon,
Wore by degrees, till her laſt roon
Gaed paſt their viewin,
An' ſhortly after ſhe was done
They gat a new ane.

This paſt for certain, undiſputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing mail'euk;
For 'twas the *auldmoon* turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' ſight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The *herds* an' *hirſels* were alarm'd;
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' ſtorm'd,
That beardleſs laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae leſs to mair it gaed to ſticks,
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' ſome, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld-light* caddies bure ſic hands,
That faith, the youngſters took the ſands
Wi' nimble ſhanks,
Till Lairds forbade, by ſtrict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat ſic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd ſtick-an-ſtowe,
'Till now amaiſt on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' ſome, their *new-light* fair avow,
Juſt quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin;
Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' ſweatin;
Myſel, I've even ſeen them greetin
Wi' girnin ſpite,
To hear the *Moon* ſae ſadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But ſhortly they will cowe the louns!
Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' *balloons*,
To tak a flight,
An' ſtay ae month among the *Moons*
An' ſee them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the *auld Mare*'s gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmoſt ſhaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Juſt i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies ſee them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye obſerve that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonſhine matter;'
But tho' dull proſe-folk Latin ſplatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we Bardies ken ſome better
Than mind ſic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO J. R******,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O Rough, rude, ready-witted R******,
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin!
There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams* * an' tricks
Will ſend you, Korah-like, a-ſinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye has ſae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, druken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the ſaunts,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' ſeen thro'.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then makir *noiſe in the* country-ſide.

Hypocrify, in mercy ſpare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spar't for their ſakes wha often wear it,
The lads in *black*;
But your curſt wit, when it comes near it,
Rives 't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're ſkaithing,
Is juſt the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing
O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
Like you or I.

I've ſent you here ſome rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to ſpare,
I will expect,
Yon *Sang* * ye'll ſen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho, faith, ſma' heart hae I to ſing!
My Muſe dow ſcarcely ſpread her wing;
I've play'd myſel a bonie ſpring,
An' danc'd my fill;
I'd better gaen an' ſair't the king,
At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately, in my ſun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,

* A *ſong* he had promiſed the Author.

IV.

The fultry fans of Summer came,
And he grew thick and ſtrong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed ſpears,
That no one ſhould him wrong.

V.

The ſober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour ſicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To ſhow their deadly rage.

VII.

They've taen a weapon, long and ſharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then ty'd him faſt upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back
And cudgell'd him full ſore;
They hung him up before the ſtorm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darkſome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him ſink or ſwim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe.
And ſtill, as ſigns of life appear'd
They toſs'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wafted, o'er a ſcorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a Miller us'd him worſt of all,
For he cruſh'd him between twa ſtanes.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drunk it round and round;
And ſtill the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble interpriſe,
For if you do but taſte his blood,
'Twill make your courage riſe.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woes;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to ſing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toaſt John Barleycorn,
Each man a glaſs in hand;
And may his great poſterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—*Killicrankie.*

I.

WHEN *Guilford* good our Pilot ſtood,
An' did our hellim thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within *America.* man:
Then up they gat the maſkin-pat,
And in the ſea did jaw, man;
An' did nae leſs, in full Congreſs,
Than quite refuſe our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
I wat he was nae ſlaw, man;
Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
And *C-rl-t-n* did ca'. man;
But yet ſhatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery-like did ſa', man,
W' ſword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
Was kept in *Boſton-ha'*, man;
Till *Willie H--e* took o'er the knowe
For *Philadelphia*, man:
Wi' ſword an' gun he thought a ſin
Guid Chriſtian bluid to draw, man;
But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he hacked ſma', man.

IV.

B-rg—ne gae up, like ſpur an' whip,
Till *Fraſer* brave did fa', man;
Then loſt his way, ae miſty day,
In *Saratoga* ſhaw, man.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckſkin's claw, man;
But *Ct-nt-n's* glaive frae rift to ſave
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-gue*, an' *Guilford* too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And *S-ckv-lle* doure, wha ſtood the ſtoure,
The German Chief to thraw, man:
For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck-ngh-m* took up the game;
Till Death did on him ca', man;
When *Sh-lb-rne* meek, held up his cheek,
Conform to Goſpel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noiſe,
They did his meaſures thraw, man;
For *N-rth* an' *F-x* united ſtocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
He fa'ept the Spades awa', man;
Till the Diamond's Ace of *Indian* race,
Led him a fair *faux pas*, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-lle's* gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While slee *D-nd-s* arous'd the class,
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Inspired Bardie's saw, man;)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, '*Willie*, rise!
'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rth*, *F-x*, *and Co.*
Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man;
Till *Suthron* raise, and cooft their claise
Behind him in a raw, man:
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' bluid,
To make it guid in law, man.

* * * * * * *

SONG.

Tune—*Corn rigs are bonie.*

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When Corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentleſs heed,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' ſma' perſuaſion ſhe agreed,
To ſee me thro' the barley.

II.

The ſky was blue, the wind was ſtill,
The moon was ſhining clearly;
I ſet her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her moſt ſincerely;
I kiſs'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My bleſſings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and ſtars ſo bright,
That ſhone that hour ſo clearly!
She ay ſhall bleſs that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune—*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

I.

NOW wefflin winds, and flaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at ni
To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The Plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The ſoaring Hern the fountains;
Thro' lofty groves the Cuſhat roves,
The path of man to ſhun it;
The hazel buſh o'erhangs the Thruſh,
The ſpreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleaſure find,
The ſavage and the tender;
Some ſocial join, and leagues combine;
Some ſolitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel ſway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The Sportſman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV.

But, *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the ſkimming Swallow;
The ſky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us ſtray our gladſome way,
And view the charms of Nature;
The ruſtling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and ſweetly talk,
Till the ſilent moon ſhine clearly;
I'll graſp thy waiſt, and, fondly preſt,
Swear how I love thee dearly:

Nor vernal ſhow'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer!

SONG.

Tune—*My Nanie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows, *Lug.*
'Mang moors an' moſſes many, O,
The wintry ſun the day has cloſ'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

The weſtlin wind blaws loud an' ſhill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll ſteal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

III.

My Nanie's charming, ſweet an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As ſpotleſs as ſhe's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES:

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O.

I.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that paſſes, O:
What ſignifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the laſſes, O.
Green grow, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chaſe,
An' riches ſtill may flee them, O;
An' tho' at laſt they catch them faſt,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O.
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapſalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you ſae douſe, ye ſneer at this,
Ye're nought but ſenſeleſs aſſes, O:
The wiſeſt Man the warl' e'er ſaw,
He dearly lov'd the laſſes, O.
Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature ſwears, the lovely Dears,
Her nobleſt work ſhe claſſes, O:
Her 'prentice han', ſhe try'd on man,
An' then ſhe made the laſſes, O.
Green grow, &c.

* * * * * * * * *

SONG.

Tune—*Johnny's Grey Breeks.*

I.

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS *.

An' maun I still on Menie † *doat,*
An' bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For its jet, jet black, an' like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
An' maun I still, &c.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
An' maun I still, &c.

* This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Marianne.*

IV.

The wanton coot the water ſkims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The ſtately ſwan majeſtic ſwims,
And ev'ry thing is bleſt but I.
An' maun I ſtill, &c.

V.

The Sheep-herd ſteeks his faulding ſlap,
An' owre the moorlands whiſtles ſhill.
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring ſtep
I meet him on the dewy hill.
An' maun I ſtill, &c.

VI.

An' when the lark, 'tween light an' dark,
Blythe waukens by the daiſy's ſide,
An' mounts an' ſings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaiſt I hameward glide.
An' maun I ſtill, &c.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will ſoothe my cheerleſs ſoul,
When Nature all is ſad like me!

An' maun I ſtill on Menie *doat,*
An' bear the ſcorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

SONG.

Tune—*Roslin Castle.*

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul wi' rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The Hunter now has left the Moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonny banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The Wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those I must tear,
To leave the bonny banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonny banks of *Ayr!*

SONG.

Tune—*Gilderoy.*

I.

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
And from my native shore:
The cruel Fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THE FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune—*Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.*

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *myſtic tye!*
Ye favored, *enlighten'd* few,
Companions of my ſocial joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands muſt hie,
Purſuing Fortune's ſlidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you ſtill, tho' far awa.

II.

Oft have I met your ſocial Band,
And ſpent the chearful, feſtive night;
Oft, honour'd with ſupreme command,
Preſided o'er the *Sons of light:*
And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftſmen* ever ſaw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart ſhall write
Thoſe happy ſcenes when far awa!

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *grand Deſign*,
Beneath th' Omniſcient Eye above,
The glorious *Architect* Divine!
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still riſing by the *plummet's law*,
Till *Order* bright completely ſhine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

IV.

And *You*, farewell! whose merits claim,
Juſtly that *higheſt badge* to wear!
Heav'n bleſs your honour'd noble Name,
To *Maſonry* and *Scotia* dear!
A laſt requeſt permit me here,
When yearly ye aſſemble a',
One *round*, I aſk it with a *tear*
To him, *the Bard that's far awa.*

SONG.

Tune—*Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly,*

No Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No ſly man of buſineſs contriving a ſnare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I ſcorn not the Peaſant, tho' ever ſo low;
But a club of good fellows, like thoſe that are there,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here paſſes the Squire on his brother—his horſe;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purſe;
But ſee you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle ſtill eaſes my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly:
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the purſy old landlord just waddl'd up ſtairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares,

VI.

"Life's cares they are comforts"*—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.

A Stanza added in a Maſon Lodge:

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'er-flow
And honours maſonic prepare for to throw;
May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compaſs and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when preſſed with care.

EPITAPHS.

I. ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Sowter**** in Death does ſleep:
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll hand it weel thegither.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *softer flame*;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*
Is Wisdom's root.

FINIS.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural ſound. The ſound of the Engliſh diphthong *oo*, is commonly ſpelled *ou*. The French *u*, a ſound which often occurs in the Scotch language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a ſingle conſonant, ſounds generally like the broad Engliſh *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs, *ae*, always, and *ea* very often, ſound like the French *e* maſculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey*, ſounds like the Latin *eh*.

A

A', all
aback, away, aloof
abeon, above, up
abeigh, at a ſhy diſtance
abreed, in breadth
abread, abroad, in ſight
ae, one
aft, oft
aften, often
aff, off, *aff-loof*, unpremeditated
afore, before
agley, off the right line, wrong
aiblins, perhaps
aits, oats
airn, iron
aith, oath
ain, own
aiver, an old horſe
aizle, a hot cinder
alake, alas
alane, alone
amang, among
amaiſt, almoſt
an', and, if
ane, one, an
ance, once
anither, another
artfu', artful
aſe, aſhes
aſteer, abroad, ſtirring
auld, old
auld-farran, or auld-farrant, ſagacious, cunning, prudent
aught, eight, poſſeſſion, as *in a' my aught*, in all my poſſeſſion
ava, at all
awa, away
awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
awnie, bearded
awfu', awful

awkart, awkward
ayont, beyond

B

Ba' ball
baws'nt, having a white ſtripe down the face
barkit, barked
barkin, barking
baith, both
bane, bone
banie, having large bones, ſtout
bardie, *diminutive* of bard
bauld, bold, *bauldly*, boldly
barefit, bare-footed
batch, a crew, a gang
batts, botts
bade, endured, did ſtay
bang, an effort
bairn, a child
bairntime, a family of children, a brood
baudrons, a cat
barmie, of, or like barm
bauk, a croſs beam, *bauken'*, the end of a beam
bad, did bid
baggie, the belly
bathfu', bathful
backlins-comin, coming back, returning
be, *to let be*, to give over, to ceaſe
beuk, a book
behint, or behin', behind
be't, be it
ben, into the *ſpence* or parlour
belyve, by and by
beet, to add fuel to fire
beaſtie, *dimin.* of beaſt
benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonſhire
belly-fu', belly-full
bethankit, the grace after meat
befa', to befal
billie, a brother, a young fellow
big, to build, *biggit*, builded
biggin, bulding, a houſe
bicker, a kind of wooden diſh, a ſhort race
birkie, a clever fellow
bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
bill, a bull
bizz, a buſtle, to buzz
birring, the noiſe of partridges, &c. when they ſpring
bit, criſis, nick of time
bien, wealthy, plentiful
biel, or bield, ſhelter
blaſit, blaſted
blaſtie, a ſhrivell'd dwarf, a term of contempt
blink, a little while, a ſmiling look; to look kindly, to ſhine by fits
blinker, a term of contempt
blinkin, ſmirking
bluid, blood, *bluidy*, bloody
blather, the bladder
blaw, to blow, to boaſt
blether, to talk idly; nonſenſe
bleth'rin, talking idly
blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to ſlap

blate, bashful, sheepish
bleezin, blazing
bleffin, bleffing
bluſht, did bluſh
blype, a ſhred, a large piece
bleatin, bleating
blue-gown, one of thoſe beggars, who get annually, on the King's birth-day, a blue cloke or gown with a badge
bonie, or bony, handſome, beautiful
bonilie, handſomely, beautifully
bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread
bother, to pother
bodle, a ſmall old coin
boortrie, the ſhrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
boord, a board
botch, an angry tumour
booſt, behoved, muſt needs
bow-kail, cabbage
bow't, bended, crooked
bork, to vomit, to guſh intermittently
bocked, guſh'd, vomited
braw, fine, handſome
brawly, or braw lie, very well, finely, heartily
breakin, breaking
brawnie, ſtout, brawny
brie, juice, liquid
braith, a ſudden illneſs
brunſtane, brimſtone
breeks, breeches
brugh, a burgh
bruſt to burſt
brither, a brother
braid, broad
breds, coarſe clothes, rags
breathin, breathing
branks, a kind of wooden curb for horſes
brig, a bridge
broo, broth, liquid, water
brewin, brewing
brogue, a hum, a trick
brak, broke, made inſolvent
breef, an invulnerable or irreſiſtible ſpell
brunt, did burn
brae, a declivity, a precipice, the ſlope of a hill
brachens, fern
brooſe, a race at country weddings who ſhall firſt reach the bridegroom's houſe on returning from church
brattle, a ſhort race, hurry, fury
braindge, to run raſhly forward
braindg't, reeled forward
briſket, the breaſt, the boſom
breaſſit, did ſpring up or forward
breaſtie, *dimin.* of breaſt
braik, a kind of harrow
braxie, a morkin ſheep, &c.
bruilzie, a broil, a combuſtion
buirdly, ſtout-made, broad-built
bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the ſummer evening

bummin, humming as bees
burn, water, a rivulet
burnie, *dimin.* of burn
burnewin, i. e. *burn the wind*, a blackſmith
buſle, a buſtle to buſtle
but an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour
buſkit, dreſſed
bummle, to blunder
bummler a blunderer
buckſkin, an inhabitant of Virginia
but, without
bure, did bear
byre, a cow-ſtable
by himſel, lunatic, diſtracted

C

Ca', to call, to name, to drive
ca't, or ca'd, called, driven, calved
careſſin, careſſing
cauld, cold
cantie, or canty, chearful, merry
caup, a wooden drinking veſſel
carlin, a ſtout old woman
cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous
cannilie, dextrouſly, gently
cadie, or caddie, a perſon, a young fellow
caller, freſh, found
cam, did come
canna, cannot
carryin, carrying
cantharidian, made of cantharides
calf-ward, a ſmall incloſure for *leaves*
cairn, a looſe heap of ſtones
cauldron, a caldron
cantraip, a charm, a ſpell
cape-ſtane, cope-ſtone, key-ſtone
caird, a tinker
caff, chaff
careerin, chearfully
cartes, cards
cadger, a carrier
callan, a boy
chap, a perſon, a fellow, a blow
chiel, or cheel, a young fellow
chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, ſide by ſide
chuffie, fat-faced
chantin, chanting
chanter, a part of a bagpipe
cheep, a chirp; to chirp
chokin, choking
chearfu', chearful
chimla, or chimlie, a fire grate
chimla-lug, the fireſide
cheekit, cheeked
chittering, ſhivering, trembling
claſh, an idle tale, the ſtory of the day
claw, to ſcratch
claise or claes, cloath
claith cloth, *claithing*, cloathing
clinkin, jerking, clinking
clinkumbell, who rings the church bell
clachan, a ſmall village about a church, a hamlet

naclaver, idle converſa-
on
, the hoof of a cow, ſheep,
:
ie, an old name for the
evil
. cheers
, to clean, to ſcrape
ed, ſcraped
it, wrote
clapper of a mill
, to clothe
er, to tell little idle ſto-
es; an idle ſtory
, a bump or ſwelling
ter a blow
, to hatch; a beetle
in, hatching
, a general, and ſome-
nes a particular name for
untry cura
n, coming
tra, country
r, the inhabitant of a *cot*
ſe or cottage
, the cud
a wooden diſh
ie, *dimin.* of cog
e, to terrify, to keep un-
r, to lop; a fright, a
anch of furze, broom, &c.
naun, command
; ſnug, *comely* ſnugly
, to barter, to tumble
er; a ſail, a gang
it, tumbled
a cavern
e, wooden kitchen diſh;
o thoſe fowls, whoſe legs are clad with feathers are ſaid to be cootie
cooſt, did caſt
cowte, a colt
coof, a blockhead, a ninny
core, corps, party, clan
couthie, kind, loving
cookit, appeared and diſap-
peared by fits
coble, a fiſhing boat
corn't, fed with oats
cowrin, cowering
coaxin, wheedling
Coila, from Kyle, a diſtrict of
Ayrſhire, ſo called, ſaith
tradition, from Coil or Coi-
lus, a Pictiſh monarch
crack, converſation; to con-
verſe
crackin, converſing
crabbit, crabbed, fretful
crouſe, chearful, courageous
crouſly, chearfully, courage-
ouſly
crank, the noiſe of an ungreaſ-
ed wheel
crankous, fretful, *captious*
cruſhin, crathing, cruſht,
cruſhed
crap, a crop, the top
cronie, crony
crowdie time, breakfaſt time
crump, hard and brittle, *ſpok-
en of bread*
croon, a hollow continued
moan; to make a noiſe
like the continued roar of
a bull, to hum a tune
crooning, humming

croeſhie, greaſy
craft, or croft, a field near a houſe, *in old huſbandry*
creel, a baſket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be craz'd to be faſcinated
craw, a crow *of a cork*, a rook
crouchie, crook-backed
cranreuch, the hoar froſt
crambo-clink, or crambojingle, rhymes, doggerel verſes
crowling, crawling
creepin, creeping
crood, or croud, to coo as a dove
crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
cuif, a blockhead, a ninny
curchie, a curteſy
curmurring, murmuring; ſlight, rumbling noiſe
curle, a well known game on ice
curler, a player at ice
curpin, the crupper
cummock, a ſhort ſtaff with a crooked head
curling, curled, whoſe hair falls naturally in ringlets
cuſhat, the dove or wood pigeon

D

Daft, merry, giddy, fooliſh
daffin, merriment, fooliſhneſs
darg, or daurk, a day's labour
dawd, a large piece
daud to thraſh, to abuſe
dawtit, or *dautet*, fondled, careſſed
dainty, pleaſant, good humoured, agreeable
dancin, dancing,
darklins, darkling
daur, to dare, *daur't*, dared
dappl't, dappled
dalmen, rare, now and then; *dalmen-ikker*, an ear of corn now and then
daddie, a father
dearies, *dimin.* of dears
dearthſu', dear
deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
deave, to deafen
devel, a ſtunning blow
deleerat, delirious
deſervin, deſerving
delvin, delving
deſcrive, to deſcribe
diſreſpecket, diſreſpected
dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen
dirl, a ſlight tremulous ſtroke or pain
ding, to worſt, to puſh
dinna, do not
dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff; cleaned from chaff
dimpl't, dimpled
dizzie, dizzy, giddy
doited, ſtupified
doylt, ſtupified, crazed
douce, or douſe, ſober, wiſe prudent
doucely, ſoberly, prudently
dorty, ſaucy, nice
dow, am *or* are able to, can
downa, am *or* are not able, cannot

t, was *ar* were able
', doleful
flout, durable, flub-
ı, ſullen
, worn with grief, fa-
ie, &c.
, unlucky
pithleſs, wanting force
ſorrow: *to ſing dool*, to
ent, to mourn
a drop; to drop
ng, dropping
ie, muddy
ı, drunken
ı, thirſt, drought
n, drinking
drying
to ooze, to drop
ng, oozing, dropping
ı drove
pet, ſour humour
u', dreadful
rumpl't that droops at
crupper
e, drizzling, ſlaver
ıock, meal and water
ed raw
ma, the breech
ſmall pond
rags, clothes
e, ragged
worſted, puſhed, driven
to puſh *as a ram*, &c.
puſht by a ram, ox,

E

ıe eye, *een*, the eyes
frighted, *dreading ſpirits*
evening
eild, old age
elbuck, the elbow
eldritch, ghaſtly, frightful
en', end
Enbrugh, Edinburgh
eneugh, enough
enſuin, enſuing
eſpecial, eſpecially
eydent, diligent

F

Fa', fall, lot; to fall
fae, a foe
faithfu', faithful
faſh, trouble, care; to trou-
ble, to care for
faſht, troubled
fawſont, decent, ſeemly
faem, foam
farl, a cake of bread
fairin, a fairing, a preſent
fareweel, farewell
fallow, fellow
faut, fault
faddom't, fathomed
fac't, faced
fatterels, ribbon ends, &c.
faſlen-een, faſlens-even
fand, did find
fauld, a fold; to fold
faulding, folding
ferlie, or ferly, to wonder; a
wonder, a term of contempt
fecht, to fight, *fechtin*, fighting
fend, to live comfortably
feide, feud, enmity
feat, neat, ſpruce
fear't, frighted
fearfu', frightful
fetch, to pull by fits

fetch't, pulled intermittently
feg, a fig
feckfu' large, brawny, ſtout
feckleſs, puny, weak, filly
fell, keen, biting; the fleſh immediately under the ſkin; a field pretty level on the ſide or top of a hill
fient, fiend, *a petty oath*
fizz, to make a hiſſing noiſe like fermentation
fit, a foot
fittie-lan', the near horſe of the hindmoſt pair in the plough
fier, ſound, healthy; a brother, a friend
fidge, to fidget
fidgin, fulgeting
fiſle, to make a ruſtling noiſe, to fidget; a buſtle
flatterin', flattering
fleg, a kick, a random blow
flunkie, a ſervant in livery
fley, to ſcare, to frighten
fley'd, frighted, ſcared
flyin, flying
fleeſh, a fleece
flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horſes in a ſtable, a flail
flirk, to fret at the yoke
fliſket, fretted
flichter, to flutter *as young neſtlings when their dam approaches*
flichterin, fluttering
flinders, ſhreds, broken pieces
fleech, to ſupplicate in a flattering manner
fleechin, ſupplicating
flainen, flannel
flether, to decoy by fair
fletherin, flattering
flitter, to vibrate like wings of ſmall birds
flittering, fluttering, vibr
forgather, to meet, t counter with
fou, full, drunk
foughten, troubled, har
formin, forming
forbye, beſides
forſairn, diſtreſſed, wor jaded
foord, a ford
forbears, foreſathers
foamin, foaming
fow, a buſhel, &c.
forgie, to forgive
forjeſket, jaded with fa
frae, from
freath, froth
frien', friend
fu', full
fur, a furrow
furm, a form, a bench
fud, the ſcut of the hare, &c.
fuff, to blow intermitte
fuff't, did blow
funnie, full of merrimen
fyle, to foil, to dirty
fyl't, foiled, dirtied
fyfteen, fifteen
fyke, trifling cares; to p to be in a fuſs about

G

Gab, the mouth; t boldly or pertly

to go, to walk
wiſe, ſagacious, talka-
e; to converſe
, converſing
, jolly, large
o go, *gaed*, went, *gaen*,
gane, gone, *gaun*, going
or gate, way, manner,
d
rin, gathering
o make, to force to
forced to
, a garter
ie, a guinea
riches. goods of any kind
s, great folks
child, a young one
to toſs the head in wan-
neſs or ſcorn
pike
give, *gied*, gave, *gi'en*,
en
er, a ewe from one or
years old
f, againſt
a periwig
to grin, to twiſt the
ures in rage, agony, &c.
, grinning
a young girl
dimin. of gill
dimin. of gift
, a ghoſt
in, the twilight
, a frown; to frown
abbet, that ſpeaks
othly and readily
to peep, *glinted*, peeped,
tin, peeping
glowr, to ſtare, to look; a
ſtare, a look
glowr'd, looked, ſtared
glowrin, ſtaring
glaikit inattentive, fooliſh
gleg, ſharp, ready
glaizie, glittering, ſmooth like
glaſs
gley, a ſquint; to ſquint,
agley, off at a ſide, wrong
gowan, the flower of the
daiſy, dandelion, hawk-
weed, &c.
gowk, a cuckoo, a term of
contempt
gowl, to howl
gowling, howling
gowd, gold
gowff, the game of golf; to
ſtrike, *as the bat does the*
ball at golf
gowff'd, ſtruck
grane or grain, a groan; to
groan
grain'd, groaned
grainin, groaning
gruſhie, thick, of thriving
growth
great, intimate, familiar
grievin, grieving
graith, accoutrements, furni-
ture, dreſs
gruntle, the phiz, a grunting
noiſe
graceſu', graceful
greet, to ſhed tears, to weep
greetin, crying, weeping
gree't, agreed
graunie, a grandmother

gracefu', graceful
grape, to grope, *grapit*, groped
grippit, catched, seized
graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
grumphie, a sow
grumph, a grunt; to grunt
grousome, loathsomely grim
grunstane, a grindstone
grozet, a gooseberry
grisle, griffle
gratefu' grateful
gree, to agree, *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor
grun' ground
groat, *to get the whistle of one's groat*, to play a losing game
Gude, the Supreme Being; good
gully, tasteful
gully, or gullie, a large knife
guid, good, *guid-mornin*, good morrow, *guid-een*, good evening
guidman and *guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house, *Young Guidman*, a man newly married
guidfather, guidmither, father-in-law and mother-in-law
gumlie, muddy

H

Ha', hall
hae, to have
ha'e had, *the participle*
hame, home, *a newsyard*, homeward

hamely, homely
han', or haun' h
haith, a petty oa
haet, *fient haet*, oath of negat thing
haughs, low-ly lands, valleys
hash, a sot
haud, to hold
hale, whole, tight
hap-step an'-low skip, and leap
hap, an outer mantle, plaid, wrap, to cover
happing, hoppin
hafflins, nearly l ly
hain, to spare, *hain'd*, spared
hawkie, a cow, *cue with a whi*
hal', or hald, a place
havins, good ma corum, good s
harkit, hearkene
happer, a hopper
hag, a scar or mosses and m
haverel, a half-w son; half-witt
hairst, harvest
haurl, to drag, t
haurlin, peeling
hastit, hastened
hallan, a particu tion wall in a

hä' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall
haffet, the temple, the side of the head
haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
hech! oh! strange
hearse, hoarse
het, hot
hersel, herself
herrin, a herring
herry, to plunder, *most properly to plunder bird-nests*
herryment, plundering, devastation
heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
heeze, to elevate, to raise
heather, heath
hecht, to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold
heapit, heaped
herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks
healsome, healthful, wholesome
hear't, hear it
hellim, the rudder or helm
himsel, himself
hizzie, hussy, a young girl
hirple, to walk crazily, to creep, *hirplin*, creeping
hing, to hang
hitch, a loop, a knot
hilch, to hobble, to halt
hilchin, halting
histie, dry, chapt, barren,
hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend
howk, to dig, *bowkit*, digged, *bowkin*, digging
howdie, a midwife
hoddin, the motion of a sage country man riding on a cart-horse
hornie, one of the many names of the devil
honghmagandie, fornication
howe, hollow; a hollow, or dell
howe-backit, sunk in the back, *spoken of a horse*, &c.
hove, to heave, to swell
hov'd, heaved, swelled
hoyse, a pull upwards
hoord, a hoard; to hoard
hoordet, hoarded
hoolie, slowly, leisurely; *hoolie!* take leisure! stop!
host, or hoast, to cough, *hostin*, coughing
hog-score, a kind of distance line in curling, drawn across the rink
hoy, to urge, *hoy't*, urged
hool, outer skin or case
hoyte, to amble crazily
housie, *dimin.* of house
horn, a spoon made of horn
hog-shouther, a kind of

horse play by justling with the shoulder; to justle
hurdies, the loins, the crupper
Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh

I

I', in
ier-oe, a great grandchild
icker, an ear of corn
ilk or ilka, each, every
ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
indentin, indenting
ingle, fire, fire-place
ingine, genius, ingenuity
I'se, I shall or will
ither, other, one another

J

Jad, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl
jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water
jauk, to dally, to trifle
jaukin, trifling, dallying
jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to spurt, to jerk, *as water*
jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning a corner
jinkin, dodgin
jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag
jimp, to jump; slender in the waist, handsome
jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl
jirt, a jerk
jinglin, jingling
jow, *to jow*, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell
jouk, to stoop, to bow the head
jocteleg, a kind of knife
jokin, joking
joyfu', joyful
jundie, to justle
jumpit, did jump
jumpin, jumping

K

Kae, a daw
kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer
kail, coleworts, a kind of broth
kail-runt, the ſtem of the colewort
kebbuck, a cheeſe
ken to know, *kend* or *ken't*, knew
kennin, a ſmall matter
keek, a peep; to peep
keepit, kept
kelpies, a ſort of miſchievous ſpirits, ſaid to haunt fords and ferries at night, eſpecially in ſtorms
ket, a matted, hairy fleece of wool
kin', kind
kilt, to truſs up the cloaths

kirn, the harveſt ſupper, a churn; to churn
kitchen, any thing that eats with bread; to ſerve for ſoups, gravy, &c.
kittle, to tickle; tickliſh, likely
kittlin, a young cat
king's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
kin, kindred
kiutle, to cuddle
kiut'in, cuddling
kiaugh, carking anxiety
kirſen, to chriſten
kimmer, a young girl, a goſſip
kiſt, cheſt, a ſhop-counter
knaggie, like *knags* or points of rocks
knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking ſtones
knowe, a ſmall round hillock
kye, cows
kythe, to diſcover, to ſhow one's ſelf
Kyle, a diſtrict of Ayrſhire
kyte, the belly

L

Lan', land, eſtate
lang, long, *to think lang*, to long, to weary
lap, did leap
lampit, a kind of ſhell-fish
laverock, the lark
lambie, *dimin.* of lamb
laughin, laughing
lawfu', lawful
lapfu', lapful
laigh, low
lane, long, *my lane, thy lane*, &c. myſelf alone, &c. thyſelf alone, &c.
lanely, lonely
lallan, lowland, *lallans*, Scotch dialect
laggen, the angle between the ſide and bottom of a wooden diſh
lave, the reſt, the remainder, the others
laith, loath
laithfu', baſhful, ſheepiſh
lairgin, wading and ſinking in ſnow, mud, &c.
laddie, *dimin.* of lad
lee-lang, live-long
leuk, a look, to look
leeze me, a phraſe of congratulatory endearment
lear *pronounce* lare, learning
lea'e, to leave
leiſter, a three-pronged dart for ſtriking fiſh
leugh, did laugh
leal, loyal, true, faithful
lightly, ſneeringly, to ſneer at
limmer, a kept-miſtreſs; a ſtrumpet
livin, living
link, to trip along
linkin, tripping
limpit, limp'd hobbled
linn, a water-fall
lint, flax, lint in the bell flax in flower

lift, the sky
lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing
lintwhite, a linnet
loan, the place of milking
loof, the palm of the hand
looves, *plural of loof*
lowe, a flame; to flame
lowin, flaming
lowse, to loose
lows'd, loosed
loot, did let
loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue
lowrie, *abbreviation* of Lawrence
lug, the ear, a handle
lugget, having a handle
luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle
lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
lunting smoking
lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
lum, the chimney
lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

M

Mae, more
maift, moft, almoft
maiftly, moftly
maun, muft
mair, more
mak, to mak, makin, making
mafhlum, meflin, mixed corn
mantele, a mantle
maw, to mow, mawin, mowing
maukin, a hare
Mallie, Molly
mar's year, the rebellion, A. D. 1715
mark, marks, *this and feveral other nouns, which in Engliſh require an s to form the plural, are in Scotch like the words* fheep, deer, *the fame in both numbers*
mask, to mask, *as malt*, &c.
maskin-pat, a tea-pot
'mang, among
mavis, the thrush
mell, to meddle
men', to mend
messin, a small dog
melvie, to soil with meal
mense, good manners, decorum
menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent
melancholious, mournful
meere, a mare
mither, a mother
mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed
mim, prim, affectedly meek
mindfu', mindful
mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly
misca', to abuse, to call names
misca'd, abused
min', mind, remembrance
mind't, mind it, resolved, intending
midden, a dunghill

midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dung-hill
minnie, mother, dam
misteuk, mistook
morn, the next day, to-morrow
moudiewort, a mole
mony, or monie, many
moistify, to moisten
mournfu', mournful
moop, to nibble as a sheep
mottie, full of motes
mou, the mouth
mousie, *dimin.* of mouse
moorlan, of or belonging to moors
muckle, or meikle, great, big, much
mutchkin, an English pint
muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley and greens
musie, *dimin.* of muse
mysel, myself

N

Na, no, not, nor
nae, no, not any
nane, none
naething, or naithing, nothing
naig, a horse,
neebor, a neighbour
needfu', needful
neglectit, neglected
neuk, nook
niest, next
nieve, fist
nievefu', handful
niger, a negroe
nine tailed cat, a hangman's whip
niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter
nit, a nut
nowte, black cattle
norland, of or belonging to the North
notic't, noticed
nor-west, north-west
noteless, unnoticed, unknown

O

O', of
observin, observing
ony, or onie, any
or, *is often used for* ere, before
o't, of it
ourie, shivering, drooping
oursel, or oursels, ourselves
outler, not housed
owre, over, too
owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm

P

Pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stones of wool
painch, paunch
parliamentin, at parliament
parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch dish

pang, to cram
pankie, cunning, sly
paughty, proud, haughty
paitrick, a partridge
pat, did put; a pot
pay't, paid, beat
pattle, or pettle, a ploughstaff
pech, to fetch the breath short, *as in an asthma*
pechan, the crop, the stomach
pettle, to cherish; a ploughstaff
pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
peelin, peeling
pensivelie, pensively
phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter
phraisin, flattery
pit, to put
pine, pain, uneasiness
pickle, a small quantity
platie, *dimin.* of plate
plack, an old Scotch coin
plackless, pennyless
pliskie, a trick
plew, or pleugh, a plough
plumpit, did plump
placad, a public proclamation
poortith, poverty
powther, or pouther, powder
powthery, like powder
pouk, to pluck
pou, to pull
pou't, did pull
poussie, a hare or cat
pownie, a little horse
pow, the head, the skull
pout, a poult, a chicken
prayin, praying
pridefu', proud, saucy
proveses, provosts
prig, to cheapen, to dispute
priggin, cheapening
pryin, prying
prief, proof
prent, print
propone, to lay down, to propose
primsie, demure, precise
prie, to taste
prie'd, tasted
preen, a pin
pund, pound, pounds
puddin, pudding
pyle, *a pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff

Q

Quat, to quit
quak, to quake
quakin, quaking
quey, a cow from one year to two years old

R

Ram-feezl'd, fatigued, overspent
rantin, ranting
ramblin, rambling
rattlin, rattling
raucle, rash, stout, fearless

raw, a row
raible, to rattle nonsene
rair, to roar, *rair't*, roared, *rairin*, roaring
rax, to stretch
rash, a rush, *rash buss*, a bush of rushes
ram-stam, thoughtless, forward,
rarely, excellent, very well
ragweed, the plant ragwort
ratton, a rat
raught, reached
raize, to madden, to enflame
ree, half-drunk, fuddled
ream, cream
reek, smoke; to smoke, *reekin*, smoking, *reekit*, smoked, smoky
receivin, receiving
red-wud, stark-mad
remead, remedy
remarkin, remarking
reest, to stand restive
reestit, stood restive, stunted, withered
reave, to rob
requit, requital
reft, torn, ragged
restricked, restricted
reck, to heed
rede, counsel; to counsel
refus't, refuse it
rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running
ridin, riding
rip, a handful of unthreshed corn, &c.
rink, the course of the stones, *a term in* curling
riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots
rig, a ridge
rowte, to low, to bellow
rowtin, lowing
rowth, plenty
roupet, hoarse, *as with a cold*
rowe, to roll, to wrap
row't, rolled, wrapped
roamin, roaming
rood, *stands likewise for the plural* roods
roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood
roose, to praise, to commend
rozet, rosin
roon, a shred, a remnant
rung, a cudgel
runkl'd, wrinkled
runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage
rustlin, rustling
rhymin, rhyming

S

'S, is
sae, so
sang, a song
sair, to serve; sore
sairly or sairlie, sorely
sair't, served
saul, soul

saunt, a saint
sark, a shirt
sarkit, provided in shirts
saft, soft
saw, to sow
sawin, sowing
sax, six
saut, salt, *sauted*, salted
saumont, salmon
saugh, the willow
scone, a kind of bread
scrieve, to glide swiftly along
scrievin, swiftly, gleesomely,
screechin, screeching
screed, to tear; a rent
scar, to scare
seauld, to scold, *scaulding*, scolding
seawl, a scold
scaud, to scald
scaur, apt to be scared
scornfu', scornful
scrimp, to scant, *scrimpet*, did scant, scanty
scunner, a loathing; to loathe
scraich, to scream *as a hen, partridge*, &c.
scraichin, screaming
sel, self, *a body's sel*, one's self alone
sets, *sets aff*, goes away
seed, did see
settlin, settling, *to get a settlin*, to be frighted into quietness
sell't, did sell
seizin, seizing
servan', servant
sen', to send, *sen't*, send it
shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place
sheugh, a ditch, a trench
shootin, shooting
shouther, the shoulder
shoon, shoes
sheep-shank, to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited
shore, to offer, to threaten
shor'd, offered
shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away
shaver, a humorous wag, a barber
shog, a shock
sheen, bright, shining
sherra-moor, sherriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.
shool, a shovel
shaird, a shred, a shard
shill, shrill
sic, such
simmer, summer
siller, silver, money
sittin, sitting
sin', since
sin, a son
sicker, sure, steady
sinfu', sinful

sidelins, sidelong, slanting
sinkin, sinking
shriegh, a scream; to scream
skaith, to damage, to injure; injury
sklent, slant; to run aslant, to deviate from truth
sklented, ran or hit in an oblique direction
sklentin, slanting
skelpie-limmer, a technical term in female scolding
skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled
skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly
skirl't, shrieked
skirling, shrieking, crying
skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke
skelpin, slapping, walking smartly
slae, sloe
slaw, slow
slap, a gate, a breach in a fence
slade, did slide
slee, sly, *sleest*, slyest
slype, to fall over *as a wet furrow from the plough*
slypet, fell
sleekit, sleek
sliddery, slippery
sma', small
smiddy, smithy
smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
smoor, to smother, *smoor'd*, smothered
smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly
smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, sense
snaw, snow; to snow
snawie, snowy
snaw-broo, melted snow
snash, abuse, Billingsgate
sneeshin, snuff, *sneeshin-mill*, snuff-box
snowk, to scent or snuff *as a dog, horse, &c.*
snowkit, scented, snuffed
snick-drawing, trick-contriving
snick, the latchet of a door
snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak
snoov't, went smoothly
snell, bitter, biting
sned, to lop, to cut off.
snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak
sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks; lucky, jolly
sowther, solder; to solder, to cement
[illegible]

soom, to swim
sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid
sootie, sooty
sobbin, sobbing
sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle
sooth, truth, a petty oath
souter a shoemaker,
spaul, a limb
speakin, speaking
spier, to ask, to enquire
spier't, enquired
spunk, fire mettle, wit
spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will o' wisp, or *ignis fatuus*
spertin, sporting
spak, did speak
springin, springing
speel to climb
spleuchan, a tobacco pouch
speat, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw
spairge, to dash, to soil *as with mire*
spitefu', spiteful
spence, the country parlour
spae, to prophesy, to divine
sprit, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes
sprittie, full of sprits
sprattle, to scramble
sparin, sparing
spavit, having the spavin
spreckl'd, spotted, speckled
splore, a frolic, a riot, a noise
splatter, a splutter; to splutter
spring, a quick air in music a Scotch reel
squad, a crew, a party
squeel, a scream, a screech to scream
squatter, to flutter in water as a wild duck, &c.
squattle, to sprawl
stan', to stand; stan't, did stand
stane, a stone
stroan, to spout, to piss
stroan't spouted, pissed
stents, tribute, dues of any kind
steek, to shut; a stitch
stech, to cram the belly
stechin, cramming
startle, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly
steer, to molest, to stir
sturt, trouble; to molest
sturtin, frighted
studdie, an anvil
stell, a still
stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle
straik, to stroke, straikit, stroked
stampin, stamping
stacher, to stagger
stap, to stop

strae, straw, to die a fair strae death, to die in bed
strack, did strike
stack, a rig of corn, hay, &c.
streek, stretched, to stretch; streekit, stretched
staumrel, half-witted
steure, dust, more particularly dust in motion
stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
stot an ox
stoor, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse
straught, straight
stock, a plant of colewort cabbage, &c.
starvin, starving
stringin, stringing
startin, starting
staw, did steal; to surfeit
stown, stolen
stownlins, by stealth
stuff, corn or pulse of any kind
stibble, stubble, stibblerig, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the lead
strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily
staggie, dimin. of stag
steeve, firm, compacted
stank, a pool of standing water
stark, stout
stey, steep; steyest, steepest
sten, to rear as a horse
sten't, reared
stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
strappan, tall and handsome
strewin, strewing
stilt, a crutch; to halt, to limp
stockin, stocking
stumpie, dimin. of stump
striddle, to straddle
stick an' stow, totally, altogether
sucker, sugar
sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water
suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation
sud, should
swap, an exchange; to barter
swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood
swirlie, knaggy, full of knots
swither, to hesitate in choice; wavering choice
swank, stately, jolly
swankie, or **swanker**, a tight strapping young fellow or girl
swatch, a sample
swith! get away!
swinge, to beat, to whip

swingein, beating, whipping
swaird, sward
swat, did sweat
swervin, swerving
swoor, swore, did swear
swall'd, swelled
sweer, lazy, averse, deadsweer, extremely averse
sweatin, sweating
syne, since, ago, then

T

Tae a toe, three tae'd, having three prongs
tanted, or tautie, matted together, spoken of hair or wool
tak, to take, takin, taking
tangle, a sea weed
tauld, or tald, told
tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
arrow't, murmured
talkin, talking
tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
tap, the top
taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person
tapetless, heedless, foolish
tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy
tarry-brecks, a sailor
tent, a field pulpit; heed, *caution*; *to* take heed
tentie, heedful, cautious
tentless, heedless
teugh, tough, teughly, toughly
teat, a small quantity
tearfu', tearful
ten hours bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke in the forenoon
thack, thatch, thack an' rape, cloathing, necessaries
thrang, throng, a crowd
thegither, together
thick, intimate, familiar
thole, to suffer, to endure
thae, these
thrissle, thistle
throuther, pell-mell, confusedly
thinkin, thinking
thumpit, thumped
thumpin, thumping
thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour
thowe, a thaw, to thaw
thankit, thanked
through, to go on with, to make out
threshin, threshing
thairms, small guts, fiddlestrings
themsel, themselves
thysel, thyself
thud, to make a loud, intermittent noise
thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict

n, sprained, twisted,
tradicted
in, twisting, &c.
en. thirteen
fu', thankful
to thrill
l. thrilled, vibrated
ess, slack, lazy
), to maintain by
t of assertion
these
, the other
er, timber, timmer
p't, propped with
ber
to it
r, a tinker
to lose; tint, lost
nce, two-pence
, to whisper
, whispering
to make a slight
se, to uncover
, uncovering
ram
ie, rough, shaggy
, empty
the blast of a horn
trumpet; to blow a
n, &c.
a rope
e, to totter like the
lk of a child
ing, tottering
fox
a ram
a hamlet, a farm-
use
r, marriage portion
toyte, to totter like old age
towmond, a twelvemonth
toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress
trashtrie, trash
trowth, truth, a petty oath
tryin, trying
trow to believe
transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed
trig, spruce, neat
trimly, excellently
trottin, trotting
trickie, full of tricks
try't, tried
tunefu', tuneful
tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough traces were frequently made
tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
twa, two
twa-three, a few
twal, twelve; twalpennie-worth, a small quantity, a penny-worth
twin, to part
'twad, it would
tyke, a dog

U

Uncos, news
unco, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious

undoin, undoing
unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt
Uncaring, disregarding
unken'd, unknown
upo', upon

V

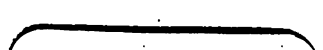
Vap'rin, vapouring
vera, very
yirl, a ring round a column, &c.

W

Wa', wall; wa's, walls
wae, woe; sorrowful
wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge
wadna, would not
wastrie, prodigality
warl, or warld, world
warly, wordly, eager on amassing wealth
wark, work
wark-lume, a tool to work with
warst, worst
wale, choice; to chuse
wal'd, chose, chosen
wame, the belly; wame-fou', a bellyful
warran, a warrant; to warrant
wabster, a weaver
wauken, to awake
waesucks! or waes me! *alas! O the* pity!
waur, worse; to worst
waur't, worsted
warlock, a wizzard
warstl'd, or warsl'd, wrestled
wanrestfu' restless
wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know
wanchancie, unlucky
water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter, &c.
waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth
waukle, to swing, to reel
wattle, a twig, a wand
wair, to lay out, to expend
walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress
waft, the woof
wailfu', wailing
wee, little; wee-things, little ones; a wee-bit, small matter
weel, well; weelfare, welfare
wean, or weanie, a child
weason, weasand
we'se, we shall
wearie, or weary; monie a wearie body, many a different person
weet, rain, wetness
wha, who
wha, whose
whare, where; whare'er, wherever

whyles, whiles, sometimes
whisle, a whistle; to whistle
whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the strappado
wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny wheep, small beer
whun-stane, a whin-stone
whirlygigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages
whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets
whisht! silence! to hold one's whisht! to be silent
whaizle, to wheeze
whisk, to sweep, to lash
whiskit, lashed
whid, the motion of a hare running but not frighted, a lie
whiddin, running as a hare or coney
whitter, a hearty draught of liquor
whatreck, nevertheless
whalpit, whelped
wi', with
win' wind; win's, winds
wimple, to meander
wimpl't, meandered
wimplin, waving, meandering
winna, will not
winnock, a window
winkin, winking
wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling
withoutten, without
win, to wind, to winnow
win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn
wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel
winze, an oath
wiel, a small whirlpool
wifie, a diminutive or endearing term for wife
wizen'd, dried, shrunk, hide-bound
wiss, to wish
winsome, gay, hearty, vaunted
waefu', woeful
wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation
wonderfu', wonderful, wonderfully
woo', wool
wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loups
worset, worsted
wordy, worthy
wrack, to teaze, to vex
wrang, wrong; to wrong
wreeth, a drifted heap of snow
wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the

person's approaching death
wud, mad, distracted
wumble, a wimble
wyte, blame; to blame
wyliecoat, a flannel vest

Y

Year, is used for both sing. and plur. years
yell, barren, that gives no milk
yerk, to lash, to jerk
yerkit, jerked, lashed
yestreen, yesternight
yealings, born in the same year, coevals
ye, this pronoun is frequently used for thou
yill, ale
yird, earth
yoursel, yourself
yont, beyond
youthfu', youthful
yokin, yoking, a boat
yowe, a ewe
yowie, dimin. of yowe
yule, christmas